

MARLON BRANDO: THE MARRIAGE THAT NEVER WAS!

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By Tommy Sands:
What I found
out about girls"

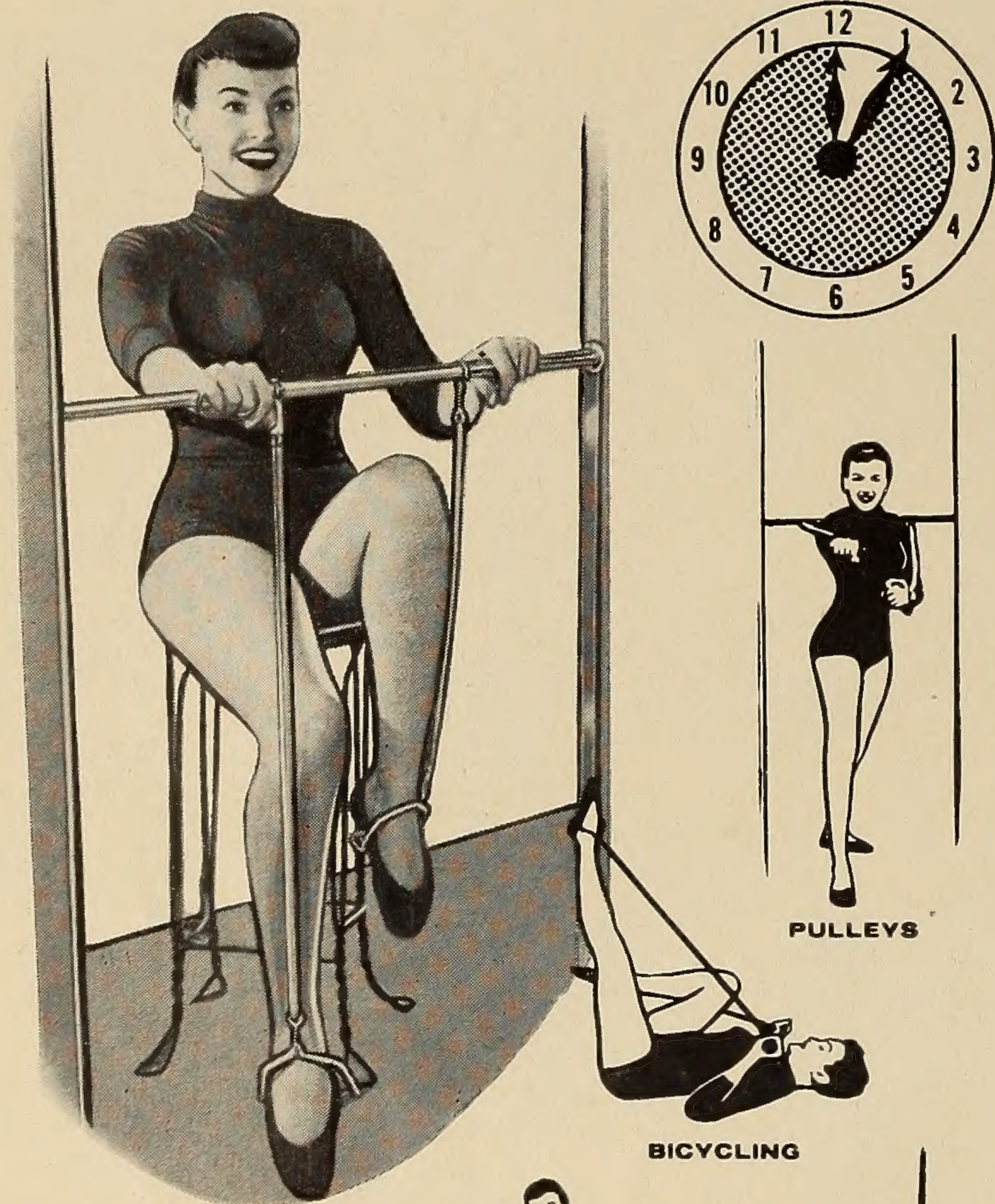
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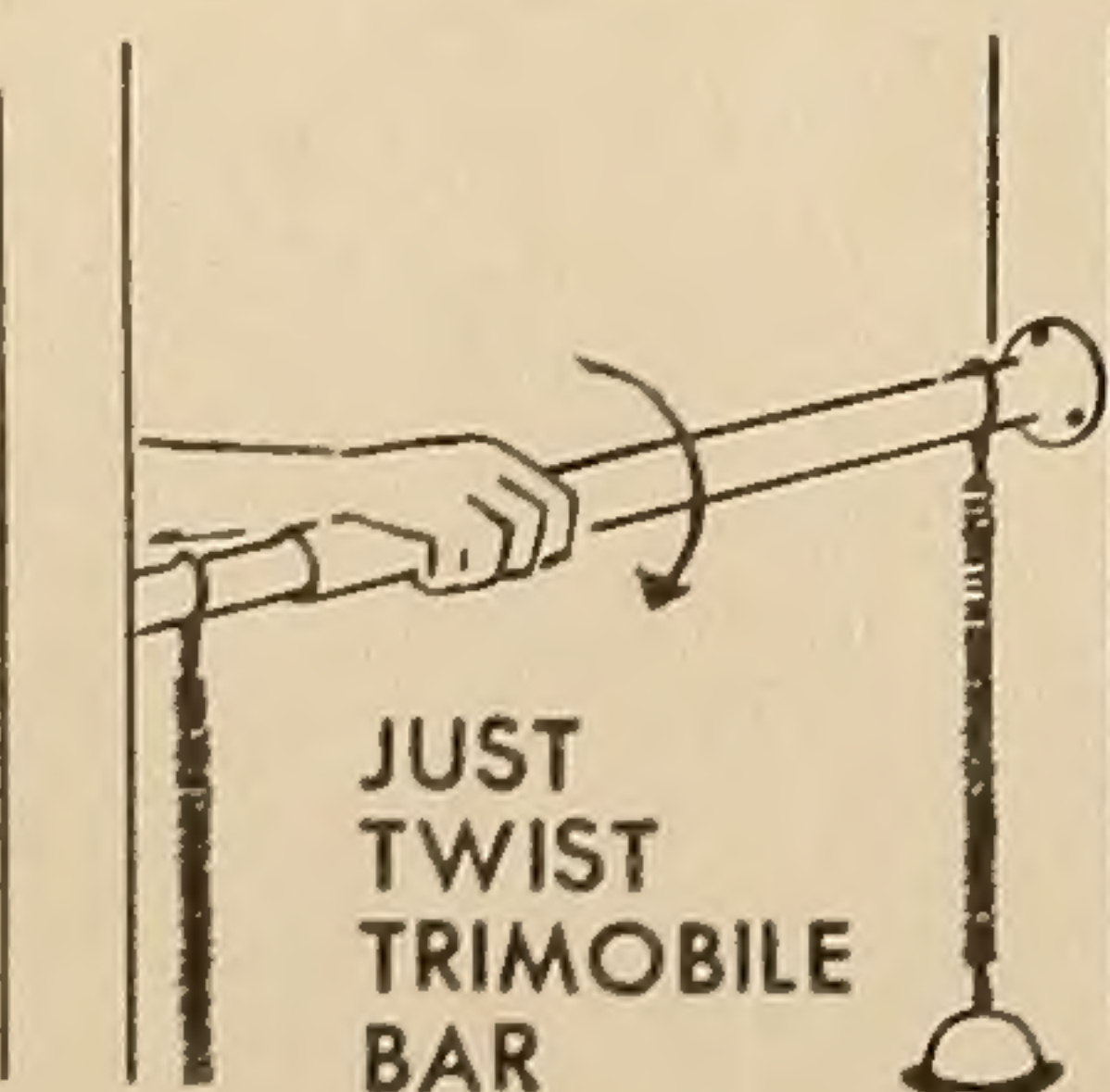
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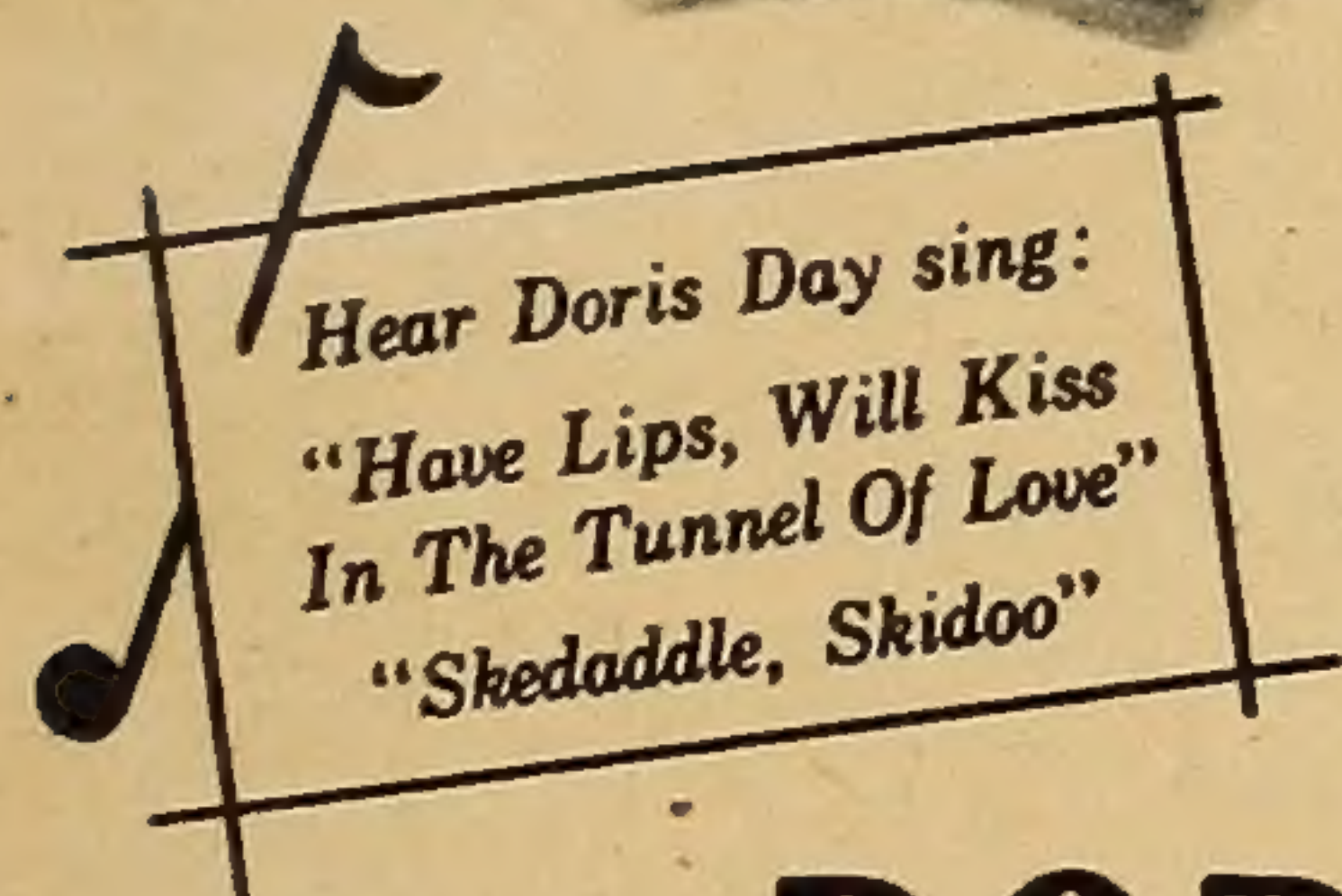
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play about sex

in the

suburbs!

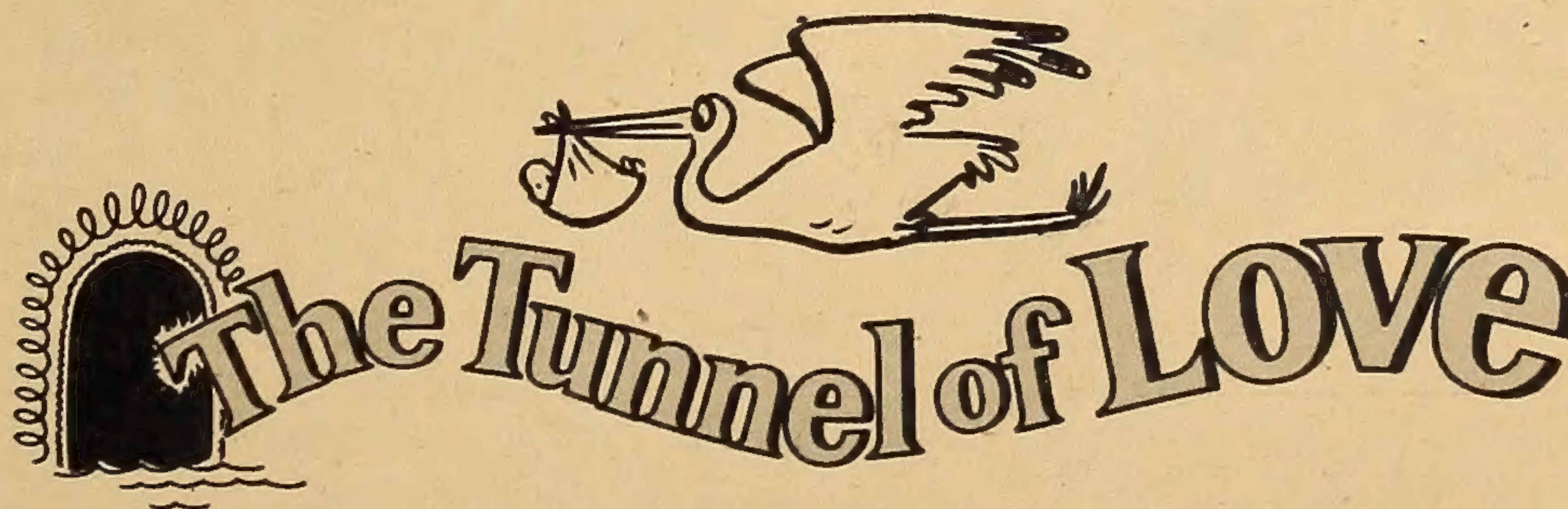


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Volume 60, No. 10

January, 1959

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**ON THE COVER: MITZI GAYNOR, CURRENTLY STARRING
IN THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE, "SOUTH PACIFIC"**

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YEAR
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YOU'VE
TOUCHED
ME"*

A young girl and the
stunning shock that
marriage brings her.



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LE ROY

Sheilah Graham's

HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

- Jeff Chandler and Esther Williams marriage near?
- Elvis Presley's plans for the future



HOWDY, from that great wide open space sometimes called Hollywood. . . . And hooray for James Garner who finally got tired of waiting for his Warner bosses to give him a raise. And demanded one. "In my first year as *Maverick*," he told me, "my stand-in was paid more than I was." Jim, with a salary of \$600 a week, is not entitled to residuals from his fabulously successful show—"Until the third time around and then I get \$50!" . . . When I congratulated new television star Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.—"77 Sunset Strip"—and asked him, "D'ye think in six months you'll be asking for a new contract?" he replied, "I'll wait until I reach that delicious bridge before I cross it."

Joan Crawford may have the answer for the Eddie Fisher-Debbie Reynolds break-up. "Never let your husband see you in sloppy clothes." I've never yet seen a home close-up of Debbie unless she was in pigtails and sloppy pants. . . . But actually of course, Debbie and Eddie had been quarreling almost since the day they wed. . . . Elizabeth Taylor was right

in only one thing—no woman, not matter how exciting, can break up a solid marriage. I have a hunch that of the three, Elizabeth will be the most hurt in the long run.

Frank Sinatra's three-picture deal with MGM gives him one million dollars and a percentage, but he's still spending money like it was going out of style. His teepee atop a Beverly Hills canyon nicked his bank balance for five hundred thousand dollars. And when he was on that ill-fated location in Madison, Indiana, he brought along his entire retinue, and I presume paid their expenses.

Nice to see Gene Tierney back for a visit in Hollywood and also to pick up the threads of her career. Also that 20th Century-Fox kept her on the payroll for the entire three years she was ill. . . . The first love of John Paul Jones was a lady named Dorothy Dandridge. They called her Dorothy Danders in the film with Robert Stack and Erin O'Brien. "And imagine," the pretty Erin exclaimed to me at lunch, "Bette Davis was in the picture, and stayed at the same hotel,

but I didn't get to meet her at all. Can you believe it?" I can. Bette is not the mingling type. . . . The reason why Brigitte Bardot is learning to speak English, is not to come to Hollywood, although I believe she will one of these days. She just wants to dub her own dialogue for her French pictures in this country. "Bardot does not sound the same with another voice," she explains.

David Niven finally reveals that before he could force himself to go up in that balloon in "Around The World In 80 Days," he filled himself to the brim with champagne! I don't blame him. . . . Diana Dors, who is always in the headlines in her native England, has made a pact with her about to be ex-husband, Dennis Hamilton, that they will never write or talk about the other. "A mutual protection policy," states Mr. Hamilton. Diana had a big falling out with muscle man Tommy Yarde and she fired him as her boy friend and business manager, in favor of a less muscular gent called Dickie Dawson.

Her Grace Kelly went on a strenuous diet before coming to this country with Prince Rainier and Princess Caroline. And to those who still believe the cool, blonde Oscar winner will return to her movie-making, hear this: Rainier receives \$300,000 tax free from his Monaco principality. He also was willed several fortunes by various relatives. He has a yacht, a plush Paris apartment, and a villa, with pool and stables above his palace in Monte Carlo. Plus two children. So when would Grace find time to make films with all that to look after?

Singer Jimmie Rodgers gave a \$200 reward to the girl who found and returned his lost guitar. "The guitar only cost you \$100," expostulated his manager, Seymour Heller. "I know," replied Rodgers, "but when I first bought that guitar I didn't have a dime left in the world. I don't ever want to forget that feeling." . . . No wonder William Holden fought for the right to make "Horse

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RARE first-nighters, Jean Simmons and her Stewart Granger watch the lobby hoopla.



APPLAUSE from admirers when she arrives at premiere pleases Sophia Loren no end.



KIM NOVAK, here with Hermes Pan, has resumed with longtime beau, Mack Krim.

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BOY
GOES
ORIENTAL!



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Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

Tonka

ACCORDING to this, General George Armstrong Custer was less a national hero than a hot-headed Indian hater who was responsible for his men of the 7th Cavalry being slaughtered by the Sioux. Interlaced with this deflating bit of Americana is the story of a young Indian warrior, Sal Mineo, and his devotion to a courageous and spirited wild stallion. It is these two who manage to emerge from the hatred and destruction, while Cavalry officer Phil Carey, a peaceable man, dies trying to save himself from the people he tried to protect. An exciting and thrilling story of the wild uncivilized Dakota territory in the 1870's. (Buena Vista.)

Separate Tables

NOTHING seems lonelier than a deserted seaside resort, except perhaps the small knots of winter guests huddled together in the half-empty hotels. Into this genteel hibernation from life comes Rita Hayworth glowing like a welcome beacon. Unfortunately, her light, too, is dimming. This pilgrimage to the seaside is her last desperate attempt to recapture ex-husband Burt Lancaster

who finally had walked out on Rita drained of self-respect and pride. Equally desperate to hold onto Lancaster is proprietress Wendy Hiller. Other undercurrents also take hold and threaten to erode the quiet of the middle-class English hotel. Always dominated by her mother, Gladys Cooper, spinster Deborah Kerr is a dowdy parcel about to become unstruck at the seams when she learns her only friend, Major David Niven, is a fraud and what is referred to as "a dirty old man." Even though author Terence Rattigan did the screen adaptation of his own play, much of the awful dullness and desperation is lost, perhaps because Americans Hayworth and Lancaster are toying with strictly British emotions. (United Artists.)

The Inn Of The Sixth Happiness

AN unofficial missionary, volunteer Ingrid Bergman receives a cool reception from the people of a remote village in the Chinese mountains. Persistent and undaunted, she goes about the business of giving help. One of her first major victories is Mandarin Robert Donat, the head of the villagers. After he bends to the subtle persuasiveness of the dedicated



LOVE comes to Ingrid Bergman and Curt Jurgens in "Inn Of The Sixth Happiness."

Englishwoman, the villagers follow. Officer Curt Jurgens, a Eurasian in the Chinese Nationalist Army, is affected differently. All sorts of subversive emotions begin whittling away his harsh exterior. Yet of all the amazing things this woman had accomplished and the dangers she had faced, her most remarkable feat was shepherding 100 Chinese war orphans through enemy lines following the Japanese invasion of China. Based on the true story of Gladys Aylward, now living in Formosa, this DeLuxe color adventure makes you so much prouder of belonging to the human race. And Ingrid? Superb, of course. (20th Century-Fox.)

The Tunnel Of Love

ONE of those comedies larded with witticisms about pregnancy, craving egg foo young at 3 a.m. and women who waddle. Determined to become a mother, Doris giggles girlishly through downright embarrassing clinical discussions with husband Richard Widmark. Finally,



MAN trouble plagues Rita Hayworth and dowdy Deborah Kerr in "Separate Tables."



SAL MINEO as the young Indian brave in "Tonka," exciting story of early Dakota.

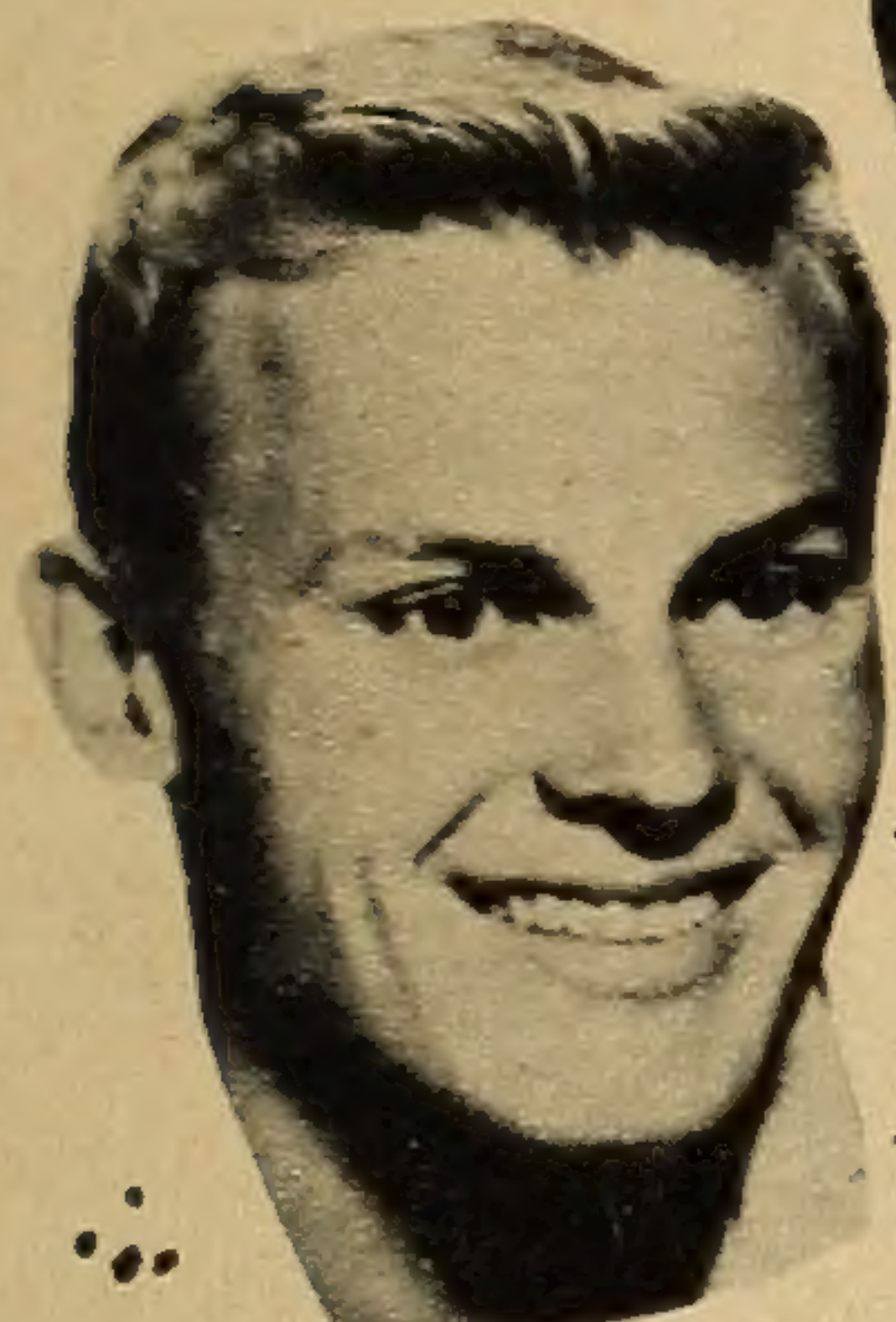


SOPHISTICATED comedy, "The Tunnel Of Love" stars Richard Widmark, Doris Day.

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PICTURES**



TAB HUNTER



SAL MINEO



ELVIS PRESLEY



RICKY NELSON



PAT BOONE



TOMMY SANDS

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The marriage that never was

*Though professing a need
for love, Marlon could
not accept the restrictions
imposed by marriage
from the very beginning*

◀ **MOODY** Brando required solitude,
often went off by himself for days.



MARRIAGE to Anna Kashfi failed to last out a year though Brando had said, "You've got to have love."

By MARK DAYTON

ONE OF Anna Kashfi's closest friends, herself a casualty in a headline grabbing Hollywood marriage snafu, wryly corrected a report that a slap in the face from Marlon Brando was the final act of humiliation that precipitated her impassioned decision to divorce him.

"It was the other way around," Anna's friend smiled ruefully. "Anna slapped him, but she did it only once when she couldn't bear his insults any longer. No, Marlon never slapped Anna. He wouldn't do anything like that. But when he was angry once he tore her shirt off!"

Ironie shades of "Streetcar"!

Who slapped whom is perhaps an academic question. But it is obvious that emotions would have to be at a boiling point for a sensitive girl like Anna Kashfi to slap her husband's face, and for an avowedly sensitive actor like Marlon Brando—an articulate lover of humanity—to tear his wife's raiment.

Such scenes served only to show how intolerable the marriage had become—how intolerable it apparently was to Marlon Brando from the very beginning, and how intolerable it finally had become for Anna Kashfi, who had tried so hard to keep it alive only, in a flood of tears on her 24th birthday, to give it up as an impossible task.

Eleven fateful days before she and Marlon would have celebrated their first wedding anniversary, Anna sobbingly came to terms with a shuddering reality that had become increasingly difficult to escape since the day she serenely recited her vows—that she was a party to a barren compact, a party to a marriage that really never was.

continued on page 60



RESERVE
POUR
LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON

"I was afraid of men"

It is difficult to believe that a girl

as lovely and vivacious as Christine

has grown up with fears that have only

recently been conquered by love

LET'S get one thing settled right away. Christine Carere is "a dish." Sitting with her in the 20th Century-Fox commissary and watching all the masculine glances (*glances!*) turned her way, you begin to wonder if there aren't any other "dishes" around to attract their attention. With her startling combination of gold-blond hair, huge dark eyes, petal white skin and one or two other things . . . well, it's really no wonder.

After you have seen these tributes so enthusiastically paid, one of her first remarks comes as quite a surprise.

"I have always been afraid of men," she says, "until recently. For years and years I was afraid of them, afraid to let a man into my life, let alone into my heart. It is not good for a girl to be afraid of men! It might have ruined my life . . . it nearly did . . . if things had not happened as they did.

"Of course, I know why it was so. When I was three-years-old my father left my mother and me and it was a great hurt for my mother. Later it was a great hurt for me, too, because other little girls had fathers and I didn't and I missed him very much. When my brave mother was working so hard to take care of me she used to say, reassuringly, 'We women will get along by ourselves' but I knew my father didn't want us and that was terrible.

"When I grew older and went to secretarial school and worked as a model, of course I met men and grew less afraid. I even fell in love. I was engaged three different times and I was sure I was in love each time. But then, just as we would begin to plan marriage the old fear would come over me again and I would draw back. I was still afraid of being hurt and I couldn't go through with it. It was a painful thing each time, believe me.

"But now that I have been married . . . even
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photos by Sanford H. Roth



DIRECTOR Jean Negulesco picked Christine, who had been acting in French films, for the role of Dominique in "A Certain Smile."

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

As an admirer says: "She not only has a luminous talent but also a breathless sort of quality which is unusually appealing"

though not very much . . . just a year, I love not only my husband—I just love men! I understand them now."

Christine, as you know, is the French sparkler who was imported some ten months ago to play Dominique in Françoise Sagan's sensational story, "A Certain Smile." One of the VIPs who selected her and was responsible for signing her to a long term contract has said, "She not only has a luminous talent but she has a breathless sort of quality which is unusually appealing."

Well, if Christine seems "breathless," it is not without reason, what with the things that have happened to her in the past year.

She was doing very well in French pictures when an American agent, Hal Gefsky, chanced to see her picture in the office of a Paris agency. He knew that 20th Century-Fox was about to launch an "all-out" search for the girl to play Dominique so he sent the picture along to Hollywood. Christine was asked to make an immediate test in London. At that time she didn't speak a word of English so she learned the dialogue for the two scenes from the picture phonetically, painstaking syllable by syllable, so that when she finally performed before the cameras she almost literally didn't know the meaning of a word she was saying. Nevertheless, the test came off so well that producer Buddy Adler, director Jean Negulesco and 20th production head, Henry Ephron, looked at it back in



SURPRISED to find her picture in Paris Match, Christine is happy to see France has not forgotten her though she's in Hollywood.

GAY and outgoing, Christine feels that she conquered her fears concerning men because of an understanding actor, her husband.





A BRIGHT future definitely lies ahead for Christine Carere, who has recently completed her second American picture, "Mardi Gras."

Hollywood and said, "That's our girl" . . . and the search for Dominique ended before it had ever begun.

That was when Christine began to be breathless. Plunged abruptly into Hollywood and directed to learn English "at once," she was allowed to waste no time. She was given a tutor-coach who began drilling her in her lines for the picture as he taught her English. But that wasn't all.

"I had to go to supermarkets and try to use my English there for good practice," she says. "I used to get so *frantic* trying to buy food with so little English to help me. I think I shall always have a dread of supermarkets. But it helped." She practiced in shops and drive-ins and at the drugstores and newsstands. Sometimes she gave the proprietors of those places some lively times. But when the time came to start the picture she was ready.

SHE WAS allowed to return to Paris for two months last November when she began even more breathless plans to be married. She had been engaged for a year to Paris matinee idol Philippe Nicaud . . . and this time she was not afraid.

"I had met my husband when we made a picture together in France," she reminisces, "and we simply *hated* each other. I thought he was too happy with himself . . . what you say? . . . puffed up . . . and he thought I was a brat. He tried to tell me how to do what I had to do in the picture and I didn't like that.

"So we spattered—spluttered—at each other. We quarreled all the time until I found out that he was right about what was wrong with me. Then we fell in love.

"And I found I wasn't afraid any more. He is a little older than I am and I suppose that helped. Then I got to know his family and it is such a *happy* family, his father, mother, two brothers and a sister. No doubt and unhappiness such as I knew when I was young! And I was so grateful for his understanding and trust when he urged me to go ahead and take my chance in Hollywood for this new career."

As for her "not being married very much"—Paris, whatever you may have heard about its romantic soul, doesn't make things easy for young people who want to be married. It took nearly the entire two months which Christine had been granted as leave of absence.

"There are so many complicated papers to fill out in France," she sighs. "We are Catholics and not only did the government have to have lots of papers but the Church had to check on our backgrounds and so on and the banns had to be posted and we had to wait for those. When we were finally married we had only five days left in which to take an honeymoon!"

While Christine's English is nearly perfect, she has a quaint way of adding a consonant here and there as in "an honeymoon," "an home" and so on. These small embellishments add charm to her conversation.

Later on, her picture company went to Paris for a brief location trip and she and Philippe had another five days together. Still later, they had nearly a month in Venice, when he was on leave from his stage play. Then she had to rush back to Hollywood to start "Mardi Gras."

"Altogether," she says, "we have been married since last

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TAB HUNTER

In New York Town

On location in Gotham

for his latest film, Tab

*Hunter made the most of his free
time to wander happy as a tourist*

◀ **SCALING** a wall in Central Park
makes Tab glad he's no city boy.



IN FRONT of the Plaza Hotel
stand horse-drawn buggies for
romantic rides through the
park. Perhaps Tab is making
plans with this coachman for
surprising his evening date.



HORSES are Tab's great pas-
sion and whenever he wasn't
working on "That Kind Of
Woman" he made friends
with the urban types that
are peculiar to Manhattan.

photos by Ken Heyman

continued on page 20

TAB HUNTER continued



The city holds a myriad of pleasures that cost nothing yet are treasure houses of enjoyment



WHO CAN pass up an ice cream cart without stopping? Not Tab, who takes his time with an important decision like which flavor he prefers.



THE ZOO in any town is always a great place to wile away the hours and holds fascination for kids and grownups alike.

MUSEUM hopping, Tab viewed a great deal of modern art and he became a fan almost at once.



END

The two faces of Marilyn Monroe

She's the world's glamour goddess to the public and press yet there's another side to Marilyn few people ever see

By MAXINE BLOCK

AFTER a two-year, self-imposed exile from Hollywood, Marilyn Monroe returned to town and brought both of her faces with her.

The first (and best known) one, as the Symbol of Sex, was exhibited immediately on her arrival as she stepped from the plane bringing her from New York. With white-blonde hair aswirl in the breeze, white, sleek, skin-tight skirt and blouse that made the most of her natural talents, white shoes and gloves, Marilyn began descending—slowly and wickedly—down the plane's steps.

Her heavily-powdered skin had a pallor, the result of living in the East, that the California sun soon changed. As she walked, the white skirt stretched tight as a drumhead over her ample hips. Yes, admitted Marilyn, she may have put on just a little weight. Her lips were moist, as if she'd just been kissed and she uttered a delicious, sexy little sigh as she put more movement into her descent than a Bendix swishing away a full wash.

Reporters, who had waited more than a half hour for her to leave the plane, scrambled to worm nearer to their common goal. Photographers pushed, elbowed and gouged their way to record this latest visit of the most celebrated torso-swinging of all time. And Marilyn appeared to enjoy herself to the hilt doing what she can do better than any other movie star—get her picture taken.

Nor had she forgotten how to delight reporters with her sexy quips. Later, as she postured prettily in a sack dress, she murmured, "This dress is organic . . . It's the movement, you see. A sack allows you to move and it moves with you. And movement is—well, movement is good." Asked why she had attracted so much attention in a polka dot bathing suit that had hardly enough room for the polka dots, Marilyn explained prettily, batting her big beautiful blue eyes, "Well, I was wearing a grand marshal badge. People were looking at me all day long, but I thought they were admiring the badge."

That's the accepted face of Marilyn Monroe, world's glamour goddess.

The second face, one that few see, has nothing to do with the accepted standard Hollywood blonde sexpot. It appears that Marilyn's sex appeal is something kept in a bottle, like perfume. When she

continued on page 54



MARILYN Monroe, Tony Curtis and George Raft are all starring together in the film "Some Like It Hot."



an open letter To The



photos by Larry Barbier, Jr., Globe

HIS MATE will have to be a very sharp young woman for Will has a disarming honesty that can often catch people off guard.

Future Mrs. Hutchins

*Will wants the girl he marries
to be "all things," which isn't such a tall
order for a pretty special
life with an incredible young man*

By JERRY ASHER

ROPING IN an hombre is harder than you think and Will passes the fine points on to his step-brother's daughter Lesley.



Dear Mystery Girl:

Whoever you are and wherever you may be--beware! Be a-ware too! You're a wanted woman and there's quite a price hanging over your head. In this case, you're the one who has to pay, but if you'll play your cards well--you'll be the luckiest little ol' filly in these here parts. Maybe you'll be bewitched, bothered and slightly bewildered, but one thing's for doggone sure, you'll never have a dull moment!

Ever hear of Marshall Lowell Hutchason? Well, you will and you'd better remember the name because it's going to be your name too. Folks around Los Angeles, where he was born, know this towering toehead by his original handle. It didn't draw flies, however, until Warner Bros. switched it to Will Hutchins and television turned him into the lanky, lovable star of the "Sugarfoot" series. Since then, he's met up with a heap of changes and taken most of 'em in his lean-hipped stride. But right along about now is where you come into the picture.

As of this moment Will, or Hutch as he prefers to be called by his friends and we feel right friendly, wants to get married. He hit 26 last May and while playing the field has been fun, shucks ma'am, a fellow has to settle back in his boots sooner or later. The sooner the better for Hutch.

"Going steady and early marriage is up to the individual," he decrees, "but the way I see it, it's just a lazy way out and a guarantee that a fellow will always have a date. Up to now I've been dating different type girls--in an educational sort-a way. But I believe I'm ready for marriage so I'm sure looking around. Nope--no one is waiting. I have no plans and I'll just go with all girls until I find the one who is all things."

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"I think I'll make a gentle husband, but not a henpecked"



THE STAR of ABC-TV's "Sugarfoot" loves his work, says:
"My wife would have to like my acting, or at least fool me!"

one. As my wife, you'll have to read my mind a lot, but I'll devote 100% to the girl I love"

There--that's the full enchilada, whoever you are, and somewhere out there you do exist. Maybe you two haven't even met yet, but if you're planning to hog-tie the critter and ride off into the sunset, it's about time you learned about your future husband, don't you think? We think. We also think you can't know too much about this highly individual hombre who's determined that his number one woman must be "all things."

In Hutch's book, that's quite a bill to fill. Now he used to say he would only marry an actress, but these days he ain't so sure! The way he stakes his claim--

"Actresses are a funny breed. You take them to a restaurant and if they look you in the eye more than twice, you're lucky. Actresses in general haven't too much humor and they keep a fellow on guard. I like girls who are more themselves and, anyway, I think one ego in the family is probably enough!"

Beginning to catch on? This is no mere male you can wrap around a pretty pinkie and you'll find out that his disarming honesty can be pretty ruthless at times. By way of contrast, he radiates natural charm and innocence until you'd think butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. Hutch himself will set you straight on that score. He knows he can be

introspective, touchy and moody at times and won't talk. "That would be tough on my wife." Being a straight shooter, he also respects these same qualities in other humans, which is why he has such definite ideas about his future wife.

"When I marry I hope I know her well enough beforehand to put up with anything. But I still think each day should bring a new experience in marriage and if my wife keeps her identity and retains outside interests, then I'll have to learn more about her. Too many people get lost in marriage, I think, because they know too much about each other too soon. I wouldn't want this to happen to my marriage and I'll try hard to prevent it."

So you see! Will Hutchins, who is your future husband, has been giving his escape from bachelorhood very careful consideration. If you know more about his background, you'll discover he has good reason. By learning why he is such a paradox, albeit, an extraordinary one whom people of all ages take to their hearts, it should give you greater understanding of the man you're going to marry.

"I guess I'm sort of a loner," Hutch analyses himself. "As an only child (he does have a step-brother whose kids he worships) I was pretty used to having things my own way and never needed too

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"THE OLDER I get, the more I appreciate kids," says Will. He spends all the time he can with his step-brother Bill's children.





*Though she comes from a broken
home, Dolores has never felt
sorry for herself nor let it
keep her from reaching the top*

PAT Wayne is one of Dolores' good friends. She will soon be seen with Monty Clift in "Miss Lonelyhearts."

Don't call her "beat"

By HELEN HENDRICKS

"I THINK that perhaps I owe my career, or at least the start of it, and the directions my life has taken to the fact that I had a rather scanty and unusual childhood. I don't mean an unhappy childhood. It was simply incomplete in some ways. But it was enriching in others.

"Some interviewers have made it sound as if I were saying that I had had a terrible time as a child, that I had some sort of trauma because of feeling 'neglected' or 'rejected' or something like that. I think it is fashionable to say such things of people nowadays. But about me it simply is not true. I somehow feel as if I had been almost *trapped* into admitting such things!

"It is true that my parents separated while I was quite young and I think that children of separations are often led by other people to feel sorry for themselves. But actually I had a good childhood and an interesting one. And I am sure that what happened then guided me toward my present life and career."

This was blonde, blue-eyed Dolores Hart, brilliant new star on the Hollywood horizon, talking earnestly and thoughtfully, trying to delve into her own past (an extremely brief one, after all) to try to find some reasons for what she is and what has happened to her.

Dolores has reached important prominence so rapidly that even Hollywood people seem to think she has been around much longer than she actually has. Her career can still be measured in months, although it has reached major proportions and is climbing fast.

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◀ **OBSTACLES**, says Dolores, are a fine way of making mental and spiritual muscles.

*"Of course I want to be married sometime but not now;
I am just getting started on a career and I am serious about it"*

As recently as the autumn of 1957, Dolores was still a more or less placid student at Marymount College in Los Angeles and was indulging, as school girls do, in some amateur theatricals. The girls joined forces with the students of Loyola, an all-male school, to produce "Joan Of Lorraine," with Dolores in the title role, and a perspicacious young philosophy major, one Don Barbeau, thought enough of Dolores's talents to send her photograph to various producers and also to introduce her to an agent.

She was cast almost immediately as Elvis Presley's teenage romance in Hal Wallis' "Loving You" and followed that with an unexpectedly spectacular vignette in "Wild Is The Wind" with Anna Magnani. This was followed by her second role with Presley in "King Creole." All in less than a year. Then, after a brief rest, Dolores went into "Miss Lonelyhearts," for Dore Schary, with Montgomery Clift, Bob Ryan and Myrna Loy.

SHE went on with her soul-searching:—"Because my father and mother were separated I spent a good deal of time with my grandfather and grandmother in Chicago . . . and all of this influenced me. My grandfather was the projectionist at the Drake Theatre there and I used to sit in the booth with him and see all the pictures for free. I was crazy about pictures, even when I was tiny. I was even crazy about them when Grandfather used to get tired of listening and shut off the sound in the booth so that I only *saw* and didn't *hear*

what was going on on the screen. It still seemed important to me. I used to help him 'thread up' the film and I felt so important . . . a part of show business. He used to keep an alarm clock in the booth to tell us when it was time to 're-thread' and I saw those pictures again and again."

If you can picture this small girl, watching pictures over and over ("Blithe Spirit" she thinks was her favorite), often not being able to hear the dialogue and still getting excitement and inspiration from them . . . then perhaps you will realize a little bit of what went into making a star of Dolores Hart. But there were other things.

There was independence, for example.

"It was my own idea to register myself on my first day at school. No one could go with me and I remember that I was feeling indignant with my father for some reason . . . so I registered under a phony name. It was weeks before they found out at school who I really was! Perhaps that was the beginning of my desire to be really 'on my own.' It is a necessity now.

"Oh . . . one other thing. I am grateful to Grandmother because she let me put on puppet shows in our backyard. I felt that I was creating something. I don't know how much good it did me, career-wise, but it gave me a lot of satisfaction while I was still very young and I suppose it helped form me somehow."

Both Dolores's mother and her father (now a Chicago salesman) had brief theatrical experiences before Dolores



DOLORES lives with her mother, Mrs. Harriet Gordon (above), in San Fernando valley, but she likes city life—subways and crowds.

SHE got her chance to live in the big city when she went to New York this Fall for a stage play, "The Pleasure Of His Company."





A **CLEVER** cartoonist, Dolores recently went into the greeting card business and she likes to illustrate personal notes to all her friends.

was born. Incidentally, she was born Dolores Hicks. Hal Wallis changed the Hicks to Hart.

"Then, because Mother was living in California and Grandmother and Grandfather in Illinois, I made a great many trips to and fro by myself. I must have traveled thirty or forty thousand miles alone by the time I was 12. That made me a pretty self-sufficient young girl. I still am."

DOLORES has an unusual sense of responsibility toward other young people, an understanding which has proven very valuable.

"I remember when I was elected president of the student body in high school and realized that some of the younger students were idealizing me in some way. It made me feel very humble and made me want to be very careful of how I behaved.

"Something of the same sort happened when I made my first picture, especially since I played opposite Elvis Presley and so many young girls idolized him so. I felt a deep responsibility to all of them and I really think Elvis does, too. Maybe it sounds funny for me to speak of 'impressionable young people' when I am not so old myself. But I know what it is to be impressionable. I certainly was and in a lot of ways I still am.

"That was one reason why Elvis and I didn't date when we made our pictures together. We were good friends and we liked working together and we felt that it was better to keep the whole thing on that basis, lest we be misunderstood."

She resents the older people who try to cram a section

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A **CUP** of tea she can brew, but Dolores admits she never learned to cook, doesn't really like it. Simple clothes are to her taste.

How to thrive on trouble

Danny Thomas, one of TV's favorite comedians, has turned the misfortunes that have plagued him all his life into strictly laughing matters

photos by Larry Barbier, Jr., Globe



DANNY poses proudly with his lively family: Rosemarie, his wife, and their children, Tony, 10, Theresa, 15, Margaret, 20.

By FAVIUS FRIEDMAN

EVERYBODY knows that Danny Thomas, at 44, is a fellow who labors mightily to see the funny side of life—even Danny himself, the Wailing Syrian with the Magnificent Nose. “You gonna have a nose, HAVE one!” he says. “Me, I breathe just once a day, like a camel.”

Danny, the man with eyes like wistful eggplants, has all his life churned laughter out of the troubles that beset us all: the garden hose that won’t unkink; the restaurant that served him a lobster with only one claw (“So he got into a fight! Why couldn’t I get the winner?”) the demonic offspring who make a mockery of the Old Man’s painfully garnered wisdom.

Of his real family, Danny plaintively says, “Child psychology is practiced with a firm hand in the Thomas household. My children—Margaret, who is 20, Theresa, 15, and Tony, 10—practice it on me.”

There was that never-to-be-forgotten dinner party at Danny’s house one night, when young Tony suddenly stood up and announced, “I’ve decided not to become a priest.” That his ebullient scion had even dreamed of entering the clergy was news to Danny Thomas.

“Son,” said Danny kindly, “you should be so lucky as to get the call.”

“I might get the call,” yelled Tony, “but I ain’t answering the phone.”

“How do you like him?” wailed Danny. “Even at my own table, I am only the straight man.”

Trouble like this, a man could handle. “You got a wife and kids, you got trouble,” says the normally philosophical Mr. Thomas. “This sort of trouble you spoon up with your cornflakes at breakfast.”

But real trouble—the kind that leaves you doubled over, gasping—that is something else again. Frustrating trouble—failure that walks up and slaps you in the face when you’ve seemingly got it made, when you see the toil and sweat and hopes of four long years going glimmering . . . well, that’s when you cry aloud, as Danny did, “Why? Why? Why?”

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YEARS in the night clubs kept Danny away from Rosemarie too often. No wonder she's grateful for "The Danny Thomas Show."

funny man," says Danny, whose biggest successes in show business have sprung from failures

It was the time, in the Spring of '57, when "The Danny Thomas Show" had tobogganed to a new low in ratings, when it squatted a shamefaced eleventh from the bottom. Strangers would buttonhole Danny and ask, "What's happened to you? Aren't you on the air any more? We never see you."

Friends kept telling Danny that people were hunting for him on their TV dials, but didn't know where to find him. The show, then called "Make Room For Daddy," had been shunted from one time slot to another while on ABC. At its peak, Danny's show was telecast on 122 channels, but during that last bitter year, he had exposure on only 83 stations across the country.

This was unbelievable for a TV program so warm and human that it won the Sylvania Television Award after only five weeks on the air, as well as a TV "Emmy" for the best new program—and three more statuettes after that.

"I thought I'd lose my mind," said Danny. "They told me I was just too good to be a success, too funny to be popular. 'You got a real good show, Danny,' some of those grey flannel agency boys would say to me. 'But how are you going to improve it, where do you go from here? With a low rating like yours, maybe there's no place for you on the air.'"

To Danny Thomas, the one-time boy candy butcher from Toledo, the battle-tempered entertainer who had made the toughest night club audiences stand up and cheer, those months were a nightmare.

Trouble reached its tentacles into Danny's home life, too.



HIS FAVORITE audience and severest critics listen while Danny reads a new script. If they don't approve, they'll tell him fast.

PUPPIES are the Thomases latest addition. Says Danny of his family: "Even at my own table, I am only the straight man."



For four years he had lived in the safe haven of nights at home with Rosemarie and the children. Forgotten and shelved—or so Danny believed—were the long years when he was away playing the night club circuit. That had been the weary period when his youngsters remembered him as just somebody called "Uncle Daddy," or greeted his infrequent visits home with "Clean out the dresser drawers; make room for Daddy!"

Those were the days, Danny remembers painfully, when "Daddy was just a picture on the piano. The clothes I brought home for the kids were all too small by the time I got them there." One wrenching day Danny learned that his daughter Margaret had written a theme for high school in which she said, "What's so good about tomorrow? My father is away all the time, working so that we'll be secure for tomorrow, but by the time he does that we'll be grown up and gone away."

His children, too, could wail, as Thomas discovered. But most of all, it was his wife who became deathly afraid as the show tumbled to 107th place. It looked as though Danny would have to retreat to the night clubs again. "I'd go home," said Danny, "and I could feel Rosemarie thinking, 'Well, kids, hold on to your hats. Here we go again.' Rosemarie had been sure that I finally had a job that would keep me at home. It just didn't seem to be turning out that way."

BUT while it seemed that Danny's show was once more a failure, deep inside he knew that he himself had not failed. "Sure," he says, "I had missed success twice before on TV, but this time I felt that I had managed to get on base. It was a good show, this much we knew. Yet nobody seemed able to think of a thing that would bring up the rating. We just sat around, staring at each other."

What brought Danny out of his despondency was the

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CAROL LYNLEY

Carol in *D*isneyland

Accompanied by a young friend, she explored this gigantic fantasy world where every day's a holiday and the game to play is "Let's Pretend"

◀ **A TEENAGE** model, Carol's stage debut at 15 brought her to Hollywood's attention.



photos by John R. Hamilton, Globe



A LADY, no matter how young, is intrigued by hats and Carol has so much fun with them that Malcolm Brodrick joins the act.

A RIDE on the merry-go-round is always fun. Carol was recently signed to a long term contract at Twentieth Century-Fox. **END**



By TOMMY SANDS

"What I found out about girls"

*"The fact is, I'm sure
of only one thing:
how little I know about
them! At least, I'm
smart enough to know
how much I don't know"*

I STARTED learning about girls when I was five. The earliest lesson was indeed a painful one.

I first met her at Sunday school in Shreveport, Louisiana. She was sitting next to me. She was also sitting next to me in grade school clear through to the sixth grade.

The only trouble was—a good-looking blond kid sat on the other side of her, and she played one of us against the other. Except he always managed to be a step ahead of me.

When we were invited to the same party, she went with him. If we played games, invariably they were partners. So it went for five long years. But certainly not unchallenged.

My masculinity was aroused. I was going to prove to her that I was every bit as good as he was. And so I used every opportunity to start a fight. Sometimes he won, other times I did. Usually it ended in a draw. But always she would screech, "Don't fight boys . . . please don't."

It took me five years to learn that she thoroughly enjoyed it. Once I came to the conclusion that girls love to have fellows fight over them, I never again gave them the satisfaction.

This certainly was not my last lesson about girls. In fact, at 21, I'm sure of only one thing: how little I know about them! At least, as a friend of mine remarked the other day, "A smart person knows how much he doesn't know." I guess there's still hope for me. But it's been a struggle to come to this conclusion.

Take the brunette I took out when I attended Lamar High in Houston, Texas. We had a date for a Sunday afternoon in late July. When I called her in the morning to find out what she wanted to do, she exclaimed, "It's so hot outside, let's go swimming. . . ."

It sounded like a wonderful idea. Three hours later I picked her up at her house, dressed in a T-shirt, levis, and moccasins. I had my bathing suit and towel in the trunk of the car.

When she opened the door my mouth fell open in surprise. She wore a pretty pink dress, high-heeled shoes, and white gloves. "This is the way you go swimming?" I cried out.

"I don't want to go swimming," she informed me. "It's too hot. Let's go to an air-conditioned movie. . . ."

See what I mean? They are completely unpredictable.

One thing I wish girls would remember is that if marriage is going to be talked about, the boy wants to be the one to pick the time for the talking, and the girl to do the talking with. Sometimes it seems as if girls don't realize this. For example, about as soon as they are old enough to form sentences, they usually say, "Let's play house."

As they grow older, they are less obvious. No girl ever told me she wanted to marry me. Instead, the approach ran something like this:

The place: Houston, Texas.

The time: A summer evening.

The people: Yours truly and a cute blue-eyed blonde.

Her cue: "Tommy . . . don't you think my brother is lucky?"

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◀ TOMMY'S aware that he may never fully understand the opposite sex.



"I STILL am surprised how easily girls can get hurt and half the time I don't even know why." Tommy's new film is "Mardi Gras."

Me: "I guess so. . . ."

She: "You know why, don't you?"

Me: "Well. . . . not exactly. I guess because he has a nice house and a good job and a new car. . . ."

She: "Silly . . . that isn't what I mean. He's married and has three children. . . ."

Me, kiddingly—uneasily: "I guess I won't be lucky for a while. I'm only 18."

She: "I don't mean you should think of marriage *now*. But some fellows do, at your age. . . ."

Since high school I've been walked past furniture stores, listened to happy tales about family life, heard about how cheap it is to support a wife and once even had a call from a jewelry store after "some one" had given the jeweler my name as a prospect for a diamond ring. . . .

IT seems that if a girl can't get a guy to propose, the next best thing is to talk him into going steady. The approach, I found out, can be just as subtle.

One girl I dated rather frequently, approached the subject this way when I brought her home one night. "We've seen each other for a month now. . . ." she started out.

"And what a wonderful month it has been," I beamed.

She hesitated for a moment. "You know . . . I haven't dated anyone else since I started going with you. . . ."

I was honestly surprised to hear that. I thought she had. I had dated other girls.

She didn't bring up the subject again till I was out of town for a couple of weeks. When I came back, she wanted to know, "Why didn't you tell me you had a date in New York?"

"I didn't tell you I didn't, did I?"

"No . . ." she admitted, but sounded hurt.

At least our situation had been clarified. We're still on the best of terms.

A few girls, not too many, have a tendency to criticize—if they can get away with it. I remember one girl who often "commented" on my clothes, and not always in the most complimentary manner. One day she asked me if I minded her "suggestions." "Sure I do," I came back. "Till I tell you what you should or shouldn't wear, I don't think you ought to tell me. . . ."

"Fair enough," she laughed, getting the point.

She stuck to her bargain.

interest a fellow shows in another girl the more she's interested in him. This works both ways"



AT 21, Tommy likes playing the field and admits that he puts his career ambitions ahead of marriage, at least for the present.

I found another tendency far more irritating: drawing comparisons between me and other beaux, past or present.

I'll never forget such an experience during my weight-lifting period. A girl I used to date in those days also went with a fellow who was equally interested in weight-lifting. The only trouble was—he was about 20 pounds heavier, and could push up a lot more weight than I could. She kept telling me about it every time we went out till I became so annoyed that I finally stopped seeing her.

PROBABLY the most universal trait I found in girls is that the more interest a fellow shows in another girl, the more she's interested in him. Confidentially, this works both ways!

At the same time, I still get surprised how easily girls can get hurt—and half the time I don't even know why!

On my last personal appearance tour to Texas, I ran into a couple of girls I went to school with. I made a date with one of them for after my last show, and we went out together for a bite to eat. When I brought her back to the car, she was pouting. She wouldn't tell me why.

The next night I was in a different town, and she came to

see me again. We had a late dinner, danced for a while, I took her back to her car—and she pouted.

This went on till the night I left the State. Then I couldn't take it anymore, and asked her point-blank what was the matter with her.

"You know what's wrong," she purred.

"Honestly, I don't," I insisted.

"All those girls . . ." she exclaimed.

"What girls?"

"The ones who ask you for autographs wherever we go. Do you have to pay that much attention to them?"

"Attention! When people are interested enough to ask for your autograph, you just can't tell them: 'Go away—I'm much too busy now.'"

When she left, she said she understood. But I haven't heard from her since.

And then there's the type who gets unhappy when a fellow doesn't write a letter a day every time he leaves town. I've never made a secret of being a poor correspondent. I call whenever I have a chance, but I don't have time to sit down and write letters. Besides, quite frankly, I don't like it. Come to think of it—I've yet to meet a girl who

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photos by David Workman

She married her boss

*Though a top singer, she was
unsure of herself on stage; then along
came director Charles O'Curran
and Patti's whole life changed*



THEY were unofficially engaged yet two years went by before Patti became Mrs. Charles O'Curran.

By HELEN BOLSTAD

PATTI PAGE'S private and public life were both in a happy state. Recollection of the blissful, lazy days of the second honeymoon in two years with her one and only husband lent her an extra glow. The promise of having her ABC-TV program become another big hit gave her an alert anticipation.

It was a good moment to take time out to discuss woman's eternal favorite topic—love.

At luncheon in the elegant Louis XIV cafe where wide windows overlook New York's colorful Rockefeller Plaza, she contemplated this capsule review and its ensuing question:

"You came from Oklahoma where many girls marry in their teens. For eight years, you have been a glamorous, sought-after star in a field known for its quick marriages. Yet you married only two years ago. Was it, to use a Victorian phrase, worth waiting until Mr. Right came along?"

Patti smiled. "A good question, and perhaps I'm just the one who can answer it. From the time a girl is old enough to put on that first smidgin of lipstick, I think she wonders what it would be like to be married to a certain boy . . ."

Patti's wondering has focused, she said, on a high school sweetheart, on the lad who made her sing the blues, and now on the man who has brought her happiness.

The boy back in Tulsa was the high school hero. "Captain of the football team, president of the student council," Patti recalled with a touch of pride in her voice.

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◀ **SINGING** needs discipline, a lesson that Patti is glad she learned as a teenager.

PATTI PAGE continued

Her career is at its peak and her marriage couldn't be happier;



SHE THRIVES on work, or so it would seem if you happen to look in on the rehearsals for ABC-TV's "The Patti Page Show."

small wonder Patti feels she is twice blessed



WHATEVER her professional future holds, Patti admits that she and Charlie are thinking seriously about beginning a family.



Being permitted to go with him was, for Patti, a big achievement. "There are eight girls and three boys in our family. I'm next to the youngest and my mother was strict. My sisters couldn't date until they finished high school."

Patti gained her exception because, as a sophomore, she was already a career girl. Her talent for drawing won her prizes and a job in the art department at radio station KTUL.

"Mostly, I checked proofs of ads and typed," she explained, "but I felt real grown up. I earned \$12 a week and with it, I bought a new sweater and skirt every week. I liked that."

The boy didn't always appreciate her independence. "He was a little bossy. He complained to my mother about my Sunday schedule. Mornings, my sisters and I sang in the church choir. After the big Sunday dinner, I drove 90 miles to sing again for the troops at Camp Gruber. Then it was back to church for evening service."

THEY WENT steady for two years. The ending was gentle. "We had no big breakup. No one said it was over. I graduated at midterm and he was still a junior."

That was about the time little Clara Ann Fowler got her stage name, Patti Page. The station needed a quick replacement for the vocalist on the Page Milk Company program. Patti volunteered, "I can sing," and stepped up to the mike.

Patti said, "I sang three 15-minute shows a day, but the

job I still got paid for was typing. I did the announcements, the station log, the program scripts."

Inevitably, the busy, blue-eyed little seventeen-year-old became the darling of the announcers. "They all teased me and flattered me and took me out for coffee."

From among them, one emerged as special. He was A College Man (Patti still puts capitals on the words), and when he finished school, he wanted to be an actor."

With him, she got her first glimpse of show business. "When I sang with a local band, he'd be there to pick me up. When the big name bands came to town, we went to hear them."

The romance came to a bittersweet climax. He had never taken her to a college party. Patti learned the reason. "When I was at the station, typing, he was being a big man on campus. He had given his fraternity pin to a sorority girl he'd been seeing."

To Patti, it seemed like the end of the world. She couldn't foresee that her own world was just beginning.

It happened because Jack Rael, sax player, music arranger, band manager—and, incidently, Benny Goodman's cousin—snapped on the radio in his Tulsa hotel room.

And almost snapped it off again. Organ music. To a hip jazzman, that was the worst.

But a moment later, he was calling the other bandsmen. "Listen to this singer," he insisted. "Now how can a chick swing like that with an organ? Who is this girl?"

Going to the station, he learned that Patti, then 18, was

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JACK LEMMON

Escape from Lemmon

*He hides behind the characters he portrays, yet like
all talented actors, we see much of the real Jack in every role*



JACK'S hectic film schedule leaves less time to relax in his quiet bachelor quarters.

By JOHN MAYNARD

THERE was a very hot day on Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's back lot on this September recently past, and the set was even hotter. The set depicted with harrowing and expensive realism a Chicago railway station in the late 1920's, train, tracks, extras, porters and all, and it was even, screen-wise, a winter day because two of the porters wore ear-muffs and sweated profusely and volubly. But Jack Lemmon, who, in a way that might be interesting to psychiatrists, believes in the doctrine of non-reality, was cool. So was Tony Curtis, who exits our story by and by, since it concerns Jack Lemmon. The two were cool for a mutual and rather peculiar reason. They were what is vulgarly known as in drag. That is to say, they wore women's clothes, the eyesore garments of women in the jazz age.

This must not for a moment be construed as implying that either Messrs. Curtis or Lemmon are ambivalent about their hormone balance. They are masculine fellows indeed. But film scripts are very dictatorial about things like this, and the script decreed that the two of them were on the lam from some sinister Chicago elements and so, in disguise, were joining a girls' orchestra. So whoops.

Not only was Lemmon indistinguishable from Curtis, he was not even remotely recognizable as Lemmon. He was in fact a blowzy and comic looking blonde who would have frightened most males into paralysis from 40 paces. Curtis was more on the order of a lady wrestler. The name of the picture was and probably continues to be "Some Like It Hot," which of course was distortion of the simple truth. Only the woman star was truly cool, and she was not working. She sat outside in her portable dressing room and let fans do the work for her; the fans that revolve. She was Marilyn Monroe, and marriage had made her not

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"I HAVE no distinct picture of Jack Lemmon but I know the characters that I pretend to become."

photos by Larry Barbier, Jr., Globe

"Sometimes I think everybody wants to be an actor," says Jack who has wanted little else since his stage debut at four



THE MOST walking Jack gets to do nowadays is between sets. He went into "Some Like It Hot" after "The Jane From Maine."

MUSIC is Jack's other love. He plays the harmonica and piano and wishes that he had more free time to spare for composing.



HE ENJOYS playing offbeat TV roles that show his versatility.





EDUCATED in New England prep schools and at Harvard University, Jack's actor-father wanted his own son to avoid the profession.

a whit less beautiful. On the contrary, even more beautiful.

Lemmon, or this simpering blonde with the bangs, sat in a canvas chair and cheerfully pulled his skirt to what might in a more conservative society have been called the danger level. Tricky as kilts. The craft of sitting down in short skirts without sacrificing dignity is the exclusive province of women. His legs had been carefully shaved and the make-up man worked on his face.

"I mean everything I say about non-reality," he said, oddly baritone and serious behind the clown facade, "but how far can you go? On TV once, I shot Mr. Lincoln. *That* was an experience. I didn't really think I was John Wilkes Booth—that would have put me in the psychotic class—but I wasn't Jack Lemmon either. It's a genuine actor's escape. You might even say I'm free only when I'm being somebody else. I can't speak for other actors, only for myself. But it's *my* release."

"It nearly sounds as if you don't like yourself. Jack Lemmon, I mean."

"OH, I guess I like myself all right. Or don't dislike. It's just that I can't get oriented to Lemmon. I've been too busy not being him. Or put it this way: the outlines aren't clear to me. I have no distinct picture of Lemmon. But I do know the people, the characters I become or pretend to become. It sounds confusing, I know, but half of us probably would drive a psychiatrist out the window. The world becomes real only when it's unreal. Excuse me, will you? If you're babbling when I get back, I'll understand."

He arranged himself beside Curtis in mid-platform. Billy Wilder, the director with the slight accent that cannot be transferred to paper, said something authoritative and a number of subsidiary voices said they were rolling. They

meant their cameras and what not. The extras came down the platform and got into the cars and Lemmon and Curtis walked forward, the cameras backed up, and Lemmon turned his ankle. It was the seventh of nine takes, Wilder being a fellow who is not happy even with perfection. Two lines of dialogue followed the ankle-turning, neither of which were well picked up by the sound people.

Twice more and they got it, and the gargoyle face came back—actually Lemmon resembles a fellow-Bostonian, this country's Ambassador Lodge of the United Nations—tottering on unfamiliar high heels, and everybody walked over to outdoor benches where a buffet was being served. Ham and squash and salad.

"I don't give much of a personal story," said Lemmon. "because I'm not a fascinating fellow. I'm not stupid necessarily but I'm not fascinating. It's the alter ego that does most of the work. If you're looking for a comedian, you haven't got one, because if I'm anything, I'm an actor who plays comedy in pictures, not a comedian. They're quite different. That's why on TV I have to have offbeat roles. I suppose I'm trying to prove something. John Wilkes Booth was strictly not for yuks, and I'm talking about laughs, not peasants. As Lemmon, I might laugh at that sick joke. 'Otherwise, Mrs. Lincoln, how did you like the play?' But not as Booth. That would be cynicism. Whatever my limitations, I take it all seriously. I'm nervous in preparation and take the part home with me. But it's not entirely unpleasant because now, in character, I'm an entity again. Jack Lemmon, the person, I'm not at all sure of. He seems tenuous, blurry around the edges. But I'll still defend non-reality. The last actor to play a drunk scene is the actor who happens to be drunk. I've seen it done but it was done badly. You

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The dress that does something for you

By SUE COLLINS



YOU know that sudden great yen you get to climb into a dress for a change? Every girl does. Much as you love your separates and sweaters and skirts, there's nothing like a dress for feeling really dressed! On the other hand, there's no point at all in wearing a dress unless it does you a great big favor. Any dress worth wearing should show off your figure at its very best, its color should flatter your skin and hair and eyes, and its design should say you are right on top of the fashion news. So here are six to choose from—and one (or more) is practically guaranteed to do all these wonderful things for you—and more!

If you're the girl who lives to have the newest, fastest—choose the printed Empire dress (1) with waistline high under the bosom, and a nice, lean slender look. You'll especially love the two blouson dresses (2 and 4) if you are a touch tall, although pint-size girls can wear them, too. If an out-and-out fitted figure-shaper is your all-time favorite silhouette, how about the curvy sheath (3)? For the girl who makes the chemise look shaped, there's the over-checked, tab-front dress (5) to touch you ever so lightly at the hips. Are you one who adores a two-piece look, even when you're wearing a one-piece dress? Then the checked overblouse dress (6) with the pussy-cat bow is all yours. So go out and find the dress that sets you up, makes you feel like the cutest girl in the room, and never lets you down. But be sure you wear it at the new short skirt length—it makes all the difference!

1 Printed Empire dress in wool jersey and Orlon, with long sash. Blue, red, copper. Sizes 5-15. Priced at \$12.95.

2 Blouson sheath in basketweave wool with face-framing collar, pin. Red, royal, copper, black. \$17.95.

3 Shape-making sheath with zippered fly front, organza hip hankie. Green, red, turquoise, black. 5-15. \$17.95.

4 Blouson middy dress in wool jersey, with printed tie, belt. Camel, turquoise, coral. Sizes 5-15. Priced at \$14.95.

5 Checked wool chemise with convertible collar and low demi-belt. Geranium red, royal blue, gold. 5-15. \$17.95.

6 Washable checked cotton knit in red/orange or blue/green. Sizes 5-15. At \$14.95. All dresses by Teena Paige.



1



2



3



4



5



6

END

let's look at ● the RECORDS



Reviews of new discs by BOB CROSBY, NBC-TV star

THE FABULOUS procession of hit albums by Harry Belafonte has slackened off somewhat of late, but we predict his latest, "Belafonte Sings The Blues," on Victor, will start a new string. It's a different kind of Belafonte than you've probably ever heard before—no calypso, no folk songs—just the blues. In a way it's a throwback to when Harry first broke into the business as a pop singer and brought down the house at New York City's then top jazz emporium, the Royal Roost. . . . A fresh, new voice on the ballad scene belongs to blonde, young Bernadine Read. Her Epic LP "Bernadine" shows Miss Read to be the possessor of a great deal of songstering savvy. Let's hope that this latest recording effort turns out better than her last attempt. Bernadine was the vocalist on a Mitch Miller recording, the other side of which happened to be "Yellow Rose Of Texas." Nuff said . . . Patti Page, Mercury Records' Queen of the Waxworks, has an off-season travel offering for her fans—an LP titled "Let's Get Away From It All"—in which Patti, via a dozen assorted travel-type titles, takes us on a forty-minute musical sojourn around the world. . . . When is an harmonica more than just a semi-musical version of corn-on-the-cob? When it's resting comfortably in the talented hands of the Harmonicats, of course. Their latest Mercury LP, "The Harmonicats In The Land Of Hi-Fi" gets the big, big sound out of those tiny instruments. It may not be the Philharmonic, but certainly never have so few gotten so much out of so little.

Camden Records has another one of those super bargain Perry Como packages on tap—a dozen of Perry's finest numbers for \$1.98. The LP is titled "Perry Como Sings For You" and contains such Como classics as "I'm Confessin'," "You Won't Be Satisfied" and "Long Ago." At less than 17 cents a

song, it's a steal. . . . Another TV stalwart, Dinah Shore, has taken off enough time from her busy television schedule to put together a collection of standout standards for Victor. There isn't a clinker in a carload in her new album "Moments Like These." The tunes are all pre-rock'n'roll so a relaxing time can be had by all. . . . Look who sneaked in on a really swingin' jazz LP—old Steverino himself. In an EmArcy album labelled "Allen's All-Star," Steve Allen plays piano for a group that has vibraharpist Terry Gibbs as leader and such jazz worthies as Red Mitchell and Gus Bivona in attendance.

There's only one Frank Sinatra, which is indeed unfortunate, as it severely limits his record output, but let's be thankful for small blessings. Frankie's latest LP, "Only The Lonely," is a gem—in just the mood that Frank handles best. The title song that kicks off the Capitol album seems like a sure thing to hit all of the nation's best record machines. . . . All those interested in joining the SFROB (Society For the Revival Of the Banjo) are requested to purchase the Good Time Jazz album, "The Banjo Kings: Nostalgia Revisited In Hi-Fi." It will make you feel that Eddie Peabody has not labored all these years in vain. The numbers are strictly from the boater-and-blazer era but it's all good, clean fun, and, come to think of it, boaters are coming back. . . . There's a boy with gray-flannel tonsils up Hanover, New Hampshire, way. He's a Dartmouth undergrad name of Chip Fisher ("Chipper" to his fellow followers of the Big Green). Chip writes most of his own material which is rock'n'roll with an Ivy League twist. In his first Victor album, "Chipper At The Sugar Bowl," Chip exhibits a pleasant young baritone that should make him a big thing with the college week-end set. The "Sugar Bowl," incidentally, doesn't refer to the Louisiana

football stadium; it's a soda dispensary on the environs of the Dartmouth campus.

Are you a cool one? Like, I mean, do you dig Brubeck, Miles Davis, Art Blakey, etc., the most? Are you hip? Well then, you'll get your kicks from Carmen McRae's new Decca album, "Carmen For Cool Ones." Carmen has the support of some of the top jazz sidemen in the business. Carmen's hot delivery has been tempered to fit the surroundings. Result—smooth, swingin' sounds. Like, I mean, we get her message loud and clear. . . . In a handsome Columbia package, the Norman Luboff choir sings "Songs Of The World," a two-LP collection of folk tunes from around the globe. Each of the songs is accompanied by a printed set of lyrics. The rich sound achieved by the choir points up the beautiful melodies—some well-known, some totally unfamiliar—that have been contributed by a score of different countries. . . . Another vocal group about to make its musical mark is the Belafonte Singers, organized under the aegis of Harry Belafonte although Harry doesn't take part in the proceedings. The Victor album, "Presenting The Belafonte Singers," has the wonderfully matched voices delivering a selection of folk songs a little differently than usual.

The music of Morton Gould can best be described, we suppose, by comparing it to an overstuffed Boston cream pie buried under a mountain of whipped cream. There are just no rough edges or tart tastes when maestro Gould is manning the baton. His latest Victor album, "Moon, Wind And Stars," is a typical Gould musical marshmallow. Classical composers such as Beethoven, Tchaikovsky and Mendelssohn are given the "pop" treatment that has made Morton Gould synonymous with mood music. . . . An odd thing has happened in the jazz world in the last few years. The flute, formerly about as long-hair as you could get, has become a leading instrument for jazz expression. Nowadays you're not up-to-date if you don't have at least one over-sized piccolo in your jazz aggregation. Well, "Buddy Collette's Swinging Shepherds" is a group of four—count 'em—four flutes who carry the musical ball all by themselves. In addition to head flutist Buddy, there are Paul Horn, Bud Shank and Harry Klee making the EmArcy album one of the most unusual and most listenable jazz items to come along in quite a while. . . . The title of Dakota Staton's new Capitol album is "Dynamic!" which comes just about as close to an accurate description of her voice as you can get. Our personal choice might have been "Supersonic!" but that's just splitting hairs. Sometimes the material in the album doesn't keep pace with Dakota, but never vice versa.

END

Hollywood Lowdown

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Soldiers" with John Wayne. His pay for the picture, \$750,000 and a percentage. Bill will be receiving \$50,000 a year until he's 99 from his percentage of "Bridge On The River Kwai." I don't know any actor more in demand. . . . The story behind the trouble in the Guy and Sheila Madison marriage: Guy is an open air fellow, loves huntin', shootin' and fishin'. Before the marriage, Sheila was quite happy to go along with him on his trips. But now with three small children, she prefers to stay home, and couldn't understand why Guy left her alone so frequently. One of them will have to give and the problem will be solved one way or another by the time you read this.

A female reporter made a clutch at Tyrone Power during an interview (no, not this one) and now he won't talk to any lady of the press without a chaperone. . . . Ty laughed when Linda Christian stated in London that her alimony from him was one million dollars. 'Twasn't. Merely an itty bitsy half. . . . Rossano Brazzi swears that he only noticed that his wife Lydia had become fat when, a few years after their marriage, she asked for some money to buy new clothes, explaining, "I've gained 50 pounds." "Husbands don't notice these things," insists the handsome Rossano.

Jack Benny, who is beginning to feel his "39" years, told me, "I don't want to work that hard," when revealing why he has cut down on the TV spectaculars this season. . . . Summing up the Four Crosby boys: None of them have the charm of old man Bing, and only Gary so far has shown a spark of talent. I predict that within five years all four boys, with the possible exception of Gary, will be out of show business.

Considering Rock Hudson's potential earning power, he got off dirt cheap in the settlement with Phyllis who has had nothing but bad luck and ill health since

she married the movie idol. Rock finally bought a boat and with his marriage untangled, looks, and is, a happy fellow. . . . When reporters first quizzed Mrs. Ronald Colman on her marriage plans with George Sanders, she said, "How idiotic." But you can always tell when a woman—or a man—has been happily married, he or she wants to re-marry, fast.

Jayne Mansfield vows she will never go back to Europe because they don't know how to make a good hamburger over there. . . . And by the time you read this, you will know whether Mickey Hargitay landed the vacant Tarzan role for the screen. I don't know if he knows this, but I called producer Sy Weintraub, and suggested Mickey. And the suggestion knocked Sy all of a heap.

Lana Turner's daughter, Cheryl, has to be brave. She's a student at the Beverly Hills High School. She could have hidden in something more private, say, in Switzerland, with a different name. But the 16-year-old girl likes life in Beverly Hills. . . . Sophia Loren's picture, "The Key," with Bill Holden, would have made an extra two million dollars, if the Johnston Office hadn't insisted on the sad ending, says producer Carl Foreman, who is now biting himself for not fighting for the original fadeout, where Holden would have caught the train—and Sophia.

Venetia Stevenson, the best horsewoman in Hollywood, owes it all to Tab Hunter, who put her on a quarter-horse when he was dating the beautiful blonde, and said, "Git," over all the jumps at a riding show. Now Venetia has her own horses, but no Tab—as of last tabulation. . . . Despite the denials, I'm inclined to believe the rumor that Marilyn Monroe is enceinte again. I hope so. It's MM's dearest wish to found a family.

Hard to believe that Beatrice Lillie is a flop in the London "Auntie Mame."



A KISS for daughter Jennie comes from father Barry Sullivan, her very first date.

The author wrote the play for Bea, and when she wasn't available, was delighted to grab Rosalind Russell. . . . Marriage is getting closer for Esther Williams and Jeff Chandler because their respective final divorce decrees are. Esther will devote all her spare time to business when she signs her name Mrs. Chandler. She has never cared too much for acting.

The McGuire Sisters are not as lovey-dovey off-stage as they seem to be on. . . . With good pictures scarce as a newt's tooth, whatever that is, Jeanne Crain is settling, while waiting, for live television shows. . . . Raymond Burr's laryngitis continues to plague the popular Perry Mason of TV. He should get a brother lawyer like James Garner got Jack Kelly, to alternate on the network. It made no difference rating-wise. . . . Joan Fontaine was smart to give the brush-off to that writer in Europe and return to ever-loving husband Collier Young. The writer in question has busted up too many marriages. Three to my knowledge.

Dan Duryea on the residuals he still

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SINGER Howard Keel and his wife take a look at glamorous Hollywood night life.



PRETTY Polly Bergen is a lucky woman to have an attentive husband like Fred Fields.



A BABY can interrupt your schedule but Vera Miles and Gordon Scott don't mind.

The Two Faces Of Marilyn Monroe

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needs it, she opens the bottle and uses some, then puts the stopper back on. Looking closely beneath the heavy pan-chromatic make-up and the studied sexy mannerisms, you see a face on which 31 years of living have written a whole book of torment and anguish. There, beneath the false eyelashes, is still the look of a lost child—a shy, hesitant, insecure child.

This second face of Marilyn reflects her early life—one with enough plot ingredients for ten soap operas—illegitimacy, a mother in a mental institution, rape, hunger, life in an orphanage and a series of foster homes, an unhappy marriage at 15. Billy Wilder, who directed Marilyn in the highly successful "Seven Year Itch," is also directing the new film Marilyn is making, "Some Like It Hot." It is his contention that "Marilyn isn't resented by men's wives as her many and flagrant imitators are. It's that unique lost-little-girl quality she has."

Marilyn's two-year-old marriage to playwright Arthur Miller (whom she calls "the nicest man I ever met") has helped her tremendously but it hasn't yet apparently erased the emotional conflicts from which she suffers. Although Marilyn has undergone three years of psychoanalysis (interrupted from time to time by the demands of her career), it's still felt by those who know her that her insecurity, lack of self-confidence, her dependency, and her need for protection will be, in probably lessening degree, with her for a long time.

And from these conflicts stem her flurries of illness. On every picture (this newest one, too) she suffers from attacks of hives, migraine headache, skin rashes, digestive upsets and frequent colds, which doctors know have an emotional history behind them. On her former films, she frequently collapsed and had to be hospitalized. "I don't know why I catch every virus, flu and cold germ that's around and they settle in my bronchial tubes, when I'm working," Marilyn confided. "Doctors have tried all kinds of tests and shots and can't find the answer."

PRESIDING over a gala press party, Marilyn appeared radiantly healthy and dazzling in a black, lowcut banana-skin sheath ("I'm bra-less, girdle-less and stocking-less," she giggled wickedly) and proceeded to charm reporters, annoyed by her lateness, as she greeted them warmly, remembering their names after two years of absence and making little personal allusions to the last time she'd spoken to them.

Yet, scant days later on the set, Marilyn appeared wan, tired and tense—far removed from the blonde bombshell

who threw herself into a variety of provocative poses, holding her breath to elevate her chest, extending one slim ankle in its black, spike-heeled Italian satin pump. A strange, bewildering, still insecure woman. A child who catches at your heart. Her melting blue, innocent eyes appeared strained; her soft, small-boned hand cold to the touch; her gestures tense and nervous. She's still an actress unsure of her talent though she's receiving \$250,000 to appear in "Some Like It Hot"; a renowned beauty who doubts her good looks though she still stakes out a steady claim on the front pages of the world's newspapers. This lack of confidence shows up in two ways: a need to be surrounded by an entourage, and secondly, in her chronic lateness. Both of these are inherent in the second face of Marilyn Monroe. Her soul just doesn't fit her body. It's quite a jolt to realize that there are two separate entities in one body.

Miss Monroe is still the "late" Marilyn Monroe. Much has been written on the fact that she is almost invariably hours late for every appointment. She's been known to take two hours just to make up her face while nationally-famous writers wait to interview her.

A studio worker on an earlier film once said, "Marilyn has admitted that her favorite pastime is spending hours before a full-length mirror striking nude art poses! Other hours are happily spent perfecting before a mirror the heavy-lidded and moist half-open mouth into a sexy expression as well as in cultivating that drowsy, caressing voice which always sounds as though she's just waking up. As for that voice, it never changes. She delivers everything from 'hello' to 'good-bye' in a tone that is usually heard over transoms."

Her habitual tardiness caused a certain photographer to growl: "Some day Marilyn is going to need me and I'll give her the same treatment. Right now, I'm under orders to photograph her and I have to put up with her rudeness." What he doesn't realize is that the one track-minded beauty is, consciously, no ruder than a baby would be. At Marilyn's recent welcome-home cocktail party she was only one hour late, something of a record for her. "Well, I lost my bet," a woman editor said bitterly. "I bet she wouldn't show up until 7:15. The gal has a Narcissus complex. She just gets fascinated looking at herself and forgets anybody is waiting."

Marilyn has no notion that such delayed appearance makes her an important star. The truth is that she's late because she's afraid. She suffers from a kind of social stage fright; has a subconscious wish to postpone the inevitable moment of stepping in front of a camera or join-

ing a party, and she must convince herself before she can do so. Her habitual lateness wasn't so noticeable on "Bus Stop" as it had been earlier. Director Josh Logan didn't have to peer out anxiously every morning to see if Marilyn had arrived as director Billy Wilder did on "The Seven Year Itch." But Sir Laurence Olivier, co-star in London on "The Prince And The Showgirl," waited for Marilyn once or twice, it's been reported, before he laid down the law to her. And Marilyn promptly collapsed with a severe digestive upset that put her in bed.

Customarily, she goes through a four-hour ritual before the mirror trying on dresses and desperately applying make-up, removing it, and adding another coat to what she considers a disfiguring "bump" on her nose, arranging and rearranging her hair to make the most of what she considers her "bad, bad face." Marilyn apparently lives with a nightmare that the world will suddenly discover what she has known all along—that she is not beautiful, or even pretty.

HER eyes twinkling, Marilyn confessed with a laugh that "Arthur is the first man I've known who hasn't become exasperated with me for being late when I'm getting ready to go out with him. At least I *was* on time for our wedding. I remind him. Most times, the truth is that I'm usually amazed that I get there at all. One time, long ago, I did get to a party at the time specified on the invitation. And then I found nobody there—not even the hostess. But Arthur is simply wonderful; he doesn't get riled up, simply sits down comfortably, reading and puffing on his pipe while I get ready. He says making boats or trains or getting to the theatre before the curtain goes up is important, but it's not necessary for most things because if you *do* get there on time, it just means you have to stay there longer!"

"And Arthur once told me that if I didn't wear *any* make-up I would still look good to him. I don't believe that—I guess I feel insecure about my looks. But," she went on with charming little-girl earnestness, "I really mean to be on time: I just keep doing things around the house and putting off getting ready until the last minute. And sometimes I find I haven't started to get dressed until it's past the time I'm supposed to be there! I keep promising myself to do better but . . ." Marilyn finished the sentence with upraised hands and a resigned shrug, then continued, "Arthur says, 'Look at it this way: You're always late, you won't change; accept it and forget about it.'"

But Marilyn has still not forgotten, or been able to overcome, her early feelings on the score of her inadequacy as an actress. She has always spent the major part of her spare time taking one lesson after another—in dramatic coach-



SKEPTICS felt Marilyn Monroe's marriage to playwright Arthur Miller wouldn't last.

ing, dancing, singing, correct breathing, body-pantomime, in university extension classes studying literature and in long conversational sessions with intellectuals, discussing the weighty tomes she carried with her everywhere. She has always needed a guiding hand. Today, her mentors are Lee Strasberg, head of the famous Actors Studio in New York, and his wife Paula, parents of the young star Susan Strasberg.

Shortly after Marilyn's arrival at her suite in the swank Bel-Air hotel she put in a hurry call for Mrs. Strasberg to join her. Paula is guide, coach, philosopher and friend—a brilliant ex-actress, practical, hard-headed, a wit and an intellectual who has transferred her own drive and ambition to Marilyn's career. In addition, for her new film, "Some Like It Hot," Marilyn is receiving expert instruction in playing the ukulele; Judy Garland is helping to teach her how to put over such 1920-type tunes as "Runnin' Wild" and "I Wanna Be Loved By You"; while Jack Cole is coaching Marilyn's dances.

"'Some Like It Hot' is a farce," Marilyn explains, "and I'm happy to be working again with director Billy Wilder. 'He says there's nothing tougher or more challenging than farce. It's like juggling 11 meringue pies at once. Let one drop and you're dead.'" And though Marilyn's agents have cajoled the producers into paying her 15% of the film's gross earnings (a precedent), Marilyn is still not free of the stresses and strains that customarily afflict her while she's in the process of picture making.

The big question though is how has marriage affected the world's glamour goddess? What has it done to Arthur Miller, noted Pulitzer Prize winning playwright; tall, gaunt, dark-haired intellectual with a receding hairline and a longish, Lincoln-esque face? At their marriage on June 29, 1956, when Marilyn was 30 and Arthur Miller 41, it sounded like a strange, preposterous combination—and it was.

As everyone knows, their marriage was *the* love story of the year. Actor David Wayne at the time summed up Marilyn's attraction to her new husband: "She is simply aghast at his talent. She has a hunger for culture and his overwhelms her. Arthur is a superb talker; Marilyn is a superb listener." Miller confessed himself very much in love, and on their wedding day, Marilyn told reporters her feelings about finding a new family: "When Arthur's parents told me, 'Darling, at last you have a father and a mother' this was the most wonderful moment of my life—next to marrying their son."

Yet at the same time a mutual friend was saying: "This marriage is fantastic. It simply can't last; at the most, I give it about six months."

The prophecy was incorrect. And yet the Millers have been beset by problems, public ordeals and private tragedy. In the first few months, there were mounting, tensions and turbulence because both are strong characters. Miller was completely taken aback by the hysteria, the crowds that Marilyn aroused wherever she went. In London, shortly after the marriage, Marilyn was under intolerable strain. She was attempting to adjust to her new status as a bride, it was rumored that she was pregnant and lost her baby, and she was making a film on which she had staked everything. From the first, Marilyn and Olivier fought, and Marilyn drew her bridegroom into the stormy encounters. News from the set read like communiques from a battlefield. For two miserable weeks, Miller tried to act as conciliator between Olivier and the tempestuous blonde and found that he was getting absolutely nowhere. He finally gave up, vowing never to interfere again.

A FRIEND recounts that Arthur told Marilyn he had his own work to do and he wanted to stay out of her business affairs completely. It was a "blow to Marilyn, and so was the news that Arthur's daughter was ill and that his son was having a hard time getting adjusted to his father's remarriage. Arthur flew back to New York and Marilyn, feeling rejected and deserted, came down with a severe attack of colitis which halted production. As usual, her anxiety took the form of psychosomatic symptoms which are not helped by medicine. Arthur rushed back to London and a crisis in the marriage was averted by his deep understanding of Marilyn's emotional problems."

And then a deep shadow was cast on the marriage by Miller's conviction on a contempt of Congress charge. The case grew out of the playwright's refusal to tell the House Committee On Un-American Activities the names of Communist writers with whom he acknowledged attending meetings in New York in 1947. At news of his acquittal in early August,

Marilyn promptly celebrated all by herself with a champagne breakfast.

Last of the Millers ordeals was losing the baby they wanted so much last August when Marilyn, six weeks pregnant, was rushed to the hospital for an emergency operation. "I'm still determined to have a family," said Marilyn, "and I'm getting great experience with Janie and Bobbie. I'm a good stepmother and we have lots of fun together. I love children and it was easy for me to win Bobbie's respect. That happened when he saw I can hit home runs."

What does it feel like to be married to Marilyn Monroe? When Arthur came out to the Coast for a quick visit with Marilyn he said: "For one thing, kids in the streets call me Arthur. It's impossible to have a superficial relationship with Marilyn. She's too honest and earthy for anything phony. She has an enormous sense of play inventiveness and unexpectedness—not only as a wife, but as an actress. She can never be dull. I took her for a serious actress even before I met her. I think she's an adroit comedienne, but I also think she might turn into the greatest tragic actress that can be imagined. But let me add: Marilyn can be a bad actress as far as I'm concerned, and I can still love her."

"Since my marriage, I've become a new man. These last years have been the most learning years of my life. I've learned about living from Marilyn; she's turned me into a fun-loving human being. And I've managed to gain 25 pounds since our marriage!"

Marilyn, too, has gained weight and is fighting it by concentrating on steak, liver, vegetables. "I'm doing exercises with dumbbells," she confided. "I'm fighting gravity. If you don't fight gravity, you sag."

"I've been away from Hollywood two years," she said reflectively, "and I like to think I've grown up a little during that time. I know I'm much happier than when I left. I guess you can say I still have that love light in my eyes after two years of marriage. I thought a lot about getting married before I did it this time. I told myself I have to stay married. And when a marriage is right, it's wonderful. We even get along in a car," Marilyn laughed. "Art drives, but he doesn't have any sense of direction. I do. I remember the way we came from and that's how we go back. He calls me 'Hey, Direction-Finder,' among other things. His other names are Penny Dreadful, Gramercy 5, and Sugar Finney, all very literary. Actually I come running to anything. I call him Art, or Poppy, but when I'm mad, I call him Arthur. That means he hasn't been working hard enough at his writing. I'm a demon about his work and I insist that he put in regular hours. Art's work will always be the center of our lives. But I'll keep on working, too. I'm not retired—not yet."

For that we say—Thank Goodness! **END**

How To Thrive On Trouble

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knowledge that his luckiest breaks have come from being discouraged, unrecognized and broke. The only real security he knows is 'a store of resourcefulness gathered by "staring misfortune squarely in the eye."

Danny recalled the promising young pianist who had come to him seeking the "surest" way to make good. "If you can tip me off to some of the blind alleys and errors I can avoid," said the pianist, "it will get me ahead faster."

"No, it won't," Danny told him. "It will slow you down. The best thing that can happen to you is to make a lot of bonehead plays and run into plenty of solid stone walls."

Danny had run into his own stone wall, and now he knew that he would have to take stock of himself again, discover what was his own "bonehead play." There was nothing wrong with Danny Thomas—just his viewpoint on the show.

"THERE was to be no more comedy just for comedy's sake," said Danny. "That's barking up the wrong cliché. I remember beefing to Lou Edelman, our executive producer, one day. 'Lou, I complained, 'this script just isn't funny.' 'So,' said Lou, 'where does it say that *everything* has to be funny?' And he was so right. Those times I insisted and made a scene funny when it wasn't called for—those are the few shows I'm ashamed of."

With humility like this, Danny could only go forward. Life, he knew, was a challenge; it was forever and always a challenge—to Danny Thomas, anyway—and that challenge had to be faced. "Don't ask me why," he said, "but there's something about apparent misfortune that's always given me a lift." And somehow, *thinking* success brought it.

Out of nowhere, it seemed, a new sponsor appeared, along with a different time slot, with CBS. That Fall, "The Danny Thomas Show," with almost 100 added stations, went into the Desi and Lucy spot—and the show was finally on its way. "What a miracle that was!" says an exultant Danny.

"There was no more of that beaten look," he remembered. "I acquired a brand-new look—and then, suddenly, I panicked. The monster was coming to life, and what was going to happen to me then? All I could say, over and over, was, 'Thomas, you'd better be good!'"

He needn't have fretted. Almost immediately the show hit the No. 2 spot in ratings; Danny couldn't believe it. He would have settled for 20th place, maybe even 15th, but No. 2—that was incredible! "I bet against myself with everybody," said Danny. "I talked big, but inside I felt I might not make it." But there he was riding the wave, the No. 1 once-a-

week comedy program, averaging some 44 million viewers and topped only by "Gunsmoke." He had hit that home run and the whole country had taken Mr. Thomas' wonderful world to its heart.

Yet Danny still cannot forget that if he had led an orderly life of security, no one would ever have heard of him.

"Trouble," he says, "first smacked me over the head when I was eight years old and learning to hate peanut butter." Trouble, however, had begun long before, when an infant who was to be named Muzyad Jahoob (later anglicized to Amos Joseph Alphonsus Jacobs) was born January 6, 1914, in Deerfield, Michigan. Young Amos' father, Khalil Jahoob, was a Lebanese laborer. Amos was the fifth in a brood of ten children. Family fortunes fluctuate and for a time Amos had to be deposited with an uncle and aunt, Anthony and Julia Simon, to be fed.

These second parents, fortunately, always lived with or close to the Jacobses, and Danny was taught early the importance of family unity. It is still one of his outstanding characteristics.

Both families soon moved to Toledo, Ohio, and it was here that young Danny was first smitten by the excitement of show business. Danny's mother used to attend every silent movie she could find, then hurry home to tell the family about the picture, complete with dialogue and gestures, all in Arabic. "My mother was the greatest story teller I ever heard," Danny once said. "And my uncle Tony Simon was a comedian, too. He was so funny he was even barred from funerals."

What Danny meant, of course, was that his uncle learned through a devastating series of personal tragedies to see the ironic humor even in the most pathetic situations. "When my uncle lost all his money in a swindle," said Danny, "he went to work as a street cleaner. He'd get into arguments with friends, then pull out a thick roll of bills, slap them on a table, and shout 'Put up or shut up!' But his friends knew that Uncle Simon had cut newspapers into strips exactly the size of money, then wrapped a single \$1 bill around the outside."

SOMEHOW Danny managed to squeeze through the 8th grade—"I had to, I was too big for the 7th"—and go on for a brief stay at Woodward High School. He became a candy butcher in burlesque houses, but was allowed to make his sales pitch only in the cheaper balcony sections. He was just 15; the older men of 18 drew the lush main floor patrons. He sang at banquets, earning \$6 a week; worked on the Toledo streetcar tracks, and even tried a little semi-pro basketball. By the time he was 20, Danny was seeking out greener pastures in Detroit.



ROSEMARIE and Danny Thomas get a kick out of going over some TV scripts together.

By then, Danny Thomas (he was to combine the names of two of his brothers for his professional handle) was working in a radio station and trying out his comedy routines in the more raffish night clubs. Even then his stories were based on the blows Fate gave him—his mastodonic nose, the "stinkin' bosses" who wouldn't let him off to go to a football game, his famed "Jack" story. "Watching me get pushed around used to have a very restful effect on the people in those night clubs," Danny says.

While he was emceeing a kiddie program, he met a pretty, dark-haired Italian girl named Rosemarie Mantell, then 14. Danny escorted her home on street cars for three years before it dawned on him that Rosemarie was more than just a little girl whom one should escort home at night. The evening she told Danny she had a real date with someone else cleared up that nonsense quickly. Danny and Rosemarie were married January 15, 1936, and on November 21, 1937, Margaret, their first child, was born.

Trouble had already started catching up with Danny. The baby was not yet born when he lost his job and found himself with less than ten dollars in his pocket. Discouraged and desperate, Thomas felt like throwing himself in the nearest river, but, says one biographer, "this seems unlikely, since there was no audience." True or not, Danny sought help from St. Jude, whom his Church refers to as the Patron of the Hopeless. He also left his last few dollars as an offering, suggesting that if the money was returned to him ten-fold, he would build a shrine to the saint.

Within a few days, Danny had a job at \$50 a week (the shrine escaped his mind temporarily), and then went on to Chicago and the 5100 Club, a converted automobile salesroom. Before long Danny was making \$500 a week. So hilari-

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band Bob Wagner spend most of their free time aboard his boat he convinced her it was high time she knew how to swim, as a safety precaution. So now Bob is giving her lessons in their swimming pool.

RIVALS—That big rumble up Oregon way was not solely the cavalry-and-Indians battle scenes for "Tonka" but also the romantic antics of Sal Mineo and Rafael Campos, rivals in the film and also with the local femmes up there. These lads left lots of lasses sighing like a stiff breeze over Columbia Sound. It seemed these two Latin-type Lotharios were competing to see who could date more of the girls around Bend and Madras, where the "Tonka" company headquartered. It appears Rafael won, for when he went to Portland for a long week-end, he had dates with a bank clerk, newspaper girl and—a police-woman! One thing all the girls had in common—they were pretty. Rafael, from the Dominican Republic, you may remember from "The Light In The Forest." He's quite a romantic lad and back home in Hollywood is dating the starlet field; he's not in any hurry at all to settle down to matrimony!

SAL'S SHIRTS—When Sal returned from the Oregon location he had several dates with pert little Sandra Dee. After they attended the splashy big premiere of "The Big Country" they went to La Scala for some Italian food and Sal began telling Sandra about his laundry tribulations in Bend. Seems the teenager fans seeking Mineo souvenirs learned his laundry was delivered to the hotel desk three times a week and somehow managed to swipe it for mementos. Twice he

ran out of shirts! Sal's a lad who likes his fans but he did need his shirts so he arranged to have the laundry delivered directly to his room—and locked in! Anyway, Sal's Tale of the Shirts and other anecdotes were so much fun that he and Sandra completely forgot they had been invited to the big premiere party at Romanoffs until it was too late to go!

HANDSOME—Another Latin lover who's been fascinating the femmes of filmtown is Gustavo Rojo, a big star in Spain, who was imported by Warner Bros. for a lead in "The Miracle." This handsome heartthrob, who looks like a young Valentino, is one of Brigitte Bardot's ex-boy friends. Was it coincidence that his fiancée, German actress Erika Namberg, flew over for a surprise visit shortly after stories broke that he was dating Venetia Stevenson?

ACCENT TROUBLE—Italian Vittorio Gassman, who is Rojo's rival in "The Miracle," is Shelley Winters ex-husband and because he's been working in Europe he hadn't seen their daughter Vicky in three years. So while here he spent much of his spare time renewing acquaintance with his young daughter. Vicky complained at first that she couldn't understand her pop because of his accent but she caught on quickly. And Vittorio had persuaded Shell to let Vicky visit him for a couple of months early in 1959. She's never lived with him in Rome.

BUSY BIRD—The stork has made April dates with at least three Hollywood couples—Jeff and Dusty Hunter, Cliff and Cynthia Robertson and Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman. The Newmans will be in New York, however, where Paul

will be starring in the new Tennessee Williams play, "Sweet Bird Of Youth." Joanne finished "The Sound And The Fury" before going East but this may be her last film for a year. She insists she'll stay with Paul for the entire run of the play.

UPTURN—Things are looking bright again for Sheree North. Her career is once more out of mothballs and she has finished good roles in "Mardi Gras" and "In Love And War." Also, she's been having a quiet, unpublicized romance and has announced she'll be married sometime in late Fall to a Beverly Hills psychoanalyst, Dr. Gerhart Sommer. He's 30 and also an assistant professor of psychology at UCLA.

FAMILY AFFAIR—Pat Boone has been coaxing wife Shirley to cut some records with him and now she's consented. She and her two sisters—daughters of singer Red Foley and all talented—are joining Pat on a Christmas album for Dot. Saw Shirley visiting Pat on the set of "Mardi Gras" and she certainly is pert and pretty these days—down to a size 8—and with four children!

DATA ON DATES—Diane Baker, who had been dating John Gabriel, switched back to her old beau, Dennis Powers, with whom she went to Van Nuys High. But now Dennis is leaving for a world tour on a TV project with Sterling Hayden . . . Diane Varsi, getting her divorce, denies she's been dating anyone. "I've gone to a couple of coffee houses with men I know. But that was for good coffee and good talk. I don't call those dates!" . . . And despite rumors, Rock Hudson has not been dating Betty Abbott, the girl he went with before he married Phyllis . . . Cindy Robbins was pretty upset when it was reported she was "hand-holding" with Rock at the
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BEAUTIFUL Dana Wynter and Greg Bautzer, her handsome husband, enjoy a premiere.



SANDRA Dee went dancing with Sal Mineo and a cuter couple would be hard to find.



SHIRLEY Boone has consented to join with hubby Pat in making a Christmas album.

HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

continued

beach. "Not so," says Cindy. "I've been steady-dating with Don Burnett for a year." . . . Bob Evans, in and out of town on a quick visit, beamed Dolores Michaels while here. They knew each other in New York a few years ago . . . Ron Ely came back from Amarillo single, "But that's not my fault." His home town sweetheart objects to his acting, it seems . . . John Saxon is still playing the field—and he's not carrying a torch for Vicki Thal.

PLAY'S THE THING—Dana Wynter turned down many films that called for long locations; she refused to be separated from husband Greg Bautzer. But to work opposite James Cagney in "Shake Hands With The Devil" she agreed to six weeks' location in Ireland. However, as soon as she's finished, lawyer Greg will fly over to meet her and they'll have three weeks' vacation in Italy.

STAYING HERE—Shirley MacLaine, who had hoped to live in Japan where husband Steve Parker makes films and commute here for her work, has decided they'll have to reverse the process; Steve will do the commuting because she's signed for so many films, plus five big NBC-TV shows this year. After Shirl returned from her Indiana location trip for "Some Came Running," she bought a new house up in the hills, complete with pool and tennis court. She and Steve always rented before. He'll be here for the holidays and the housewarming.

MERGERS—Stephen Boyd, in Italy for "Ben Hur," married Italian beauty Mariella Di Sarzana . . . Curt Jurgens, back in Germany, married model Simone Bicheron . . . Leslie Nielsen and studio secretary Sandy Ullman had a quiet wedding, to no one's surprise . . . Ty Hardin, new "Cheyenne" star on TV, and Andra Martin, femme lead in "Up Periscope," had a church ceremony.

MORE DATES—Little Connie Stevens surprised the natives when she started dating Nicky Hilton. But she also dates Mark Damon and young actor Gary Clarke; latter is her favorite beau of the moment . . . Kathy Nolan, who almost married Nick Adams, is now dating Tom Tryon . . . Tommy Sands and Barry Coe are rivals for dates with TV actress Judi Meredith . . . Millie Perkins, who didn't date during filming of "The Diary Of Anne Frank," went out with Dean Stockwell a few times after the picture finished and before she returned to New York . . . Gary Crosby, still playing the field, says "I'm the Crosby who's NOT getting married."

SENTIMENTAL—Bob and Mary Cummings have been married 14 years but in addition to their wedding anniversaries they also still celebrate the day they became engaged! This year Bob took Mary to the opera to mark the occasion . . . George Fenneman presented wife Peggy with a jade necklace for their 16th anniversary . . . But Glenn Ford wouldn't tell us what he's giving his Eleanor for their 15th. **END**

shirts cut Eisenhower battle-jacket style. These he wears open to the midriff. A few years ago, he was knighted by the Pope and dubbed Knight of Malta, one of the highest honors that can be bestowed on a Catholic layman. "Imagine," said Danny, "I started out as a saloon comic; now I have my own coat of arms."

At different times, Danny has been called a "Frustrated Preacher," the "Poet Laureate of the Common Man" and the "Toothless Lion." All these appellations he cherishes (it was a rival comic who said, "The trouble with Danny is, he carries a soapbox with him"), but it delights him most to be known as the noisiest worker in Hollywood. Danny's cast and crew listen respectfully when he explodes, but no one is really dismayed. Everyone is aware of the little speech Toothless Lion Thomas makes before the start of each new TV season.

"Now, you may be sure that before the season is over, I will scream and yell. Let me yell. I want you all to know here and now that nobody can be fired from this show."

What makes Danny the success he is as Danny Williams, night club funnyman, is that his show is the private life of a fellow who has no private life. "Show me a man with problems and I'll show you a funny man," Danny says. He is an unabashed sentimentalist, even a "philosophizing bum," as he describes himself, and he is well aware that his show is often one piece of corn topping another. But family life is that way, Thomas maintains, and "when we're corny, we don't let it get too far."

When Margaret, Theresa and young Tony Thomas watch Danny's show at home, they are quick with barbs if a situation is not to their liking. "You Simon Legree!" they cry. Danny sets great store by his youngsters, and he is, without a doubt, their favorite comedian—and father. The Thomas menage is a large Beverly Hills establishment that started out costing \$35,000, and was gradually "improved" by Danny, a power-tool addict, until he had spent some \$263,000 on the trimmings. Unfortunately, in breaking through doors and adding on odd staircases, hobbyist Thomas had neglected to include a living room. Rosemarie, Danny and the kids had to do without one for about two years. But Danny did have a den which is modern "poolhall!"

Delightedly, Danny still lives by trouble. He is forever in a turmoil on his show with his family, his relatives, his friends and himself—mostly himself. "God bless the people who watch Danny's show," says Rosemarie. "They keep my husband at home." And a jubilant Danny declares that it was good for him when he had it so bad. "Trouble?" he laughs. "For me, it's been wonderful. The only thing I need to ask for, these days, is a grateful heart." **END**

How To Thrive On Trouble

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ous were Danny's routines that the 5100 Club was soon putting up the SRO sign. When, later, Danny moved East to Broadway and La Martinique, two busloads of his fervent and highly vocal Chicago fans turned up to make his New York opening a riotous success.

Steadily Danny moved up the show business ladder. He starred on radio with Fanny Brice, did a USO tour, made a number of pictures and began his own TV series. Now he remembered St. Jude again and the shrine he had pledged. This was when he got together with the Archbishop of Chicago and promised a free children's hospital to be built in Memphis, Tenn. The hospital is now under way and will be open to every child, regardless of race, creed or color.

Some friends insist that Danny could have been a greater success in the flickers had he chosen to bob his schnozzle. The nose apart, these friends maintain, Danny "suggests" something of the handsomeness of Cary Grant. But Danny always

refused the demands of the film moguls to prettify his profile. Actually, his stubbornness did not hurt him. "I was at the Hillcrest Country Club one day," Danny recalled, "and I was feeling awful low because MGM had just turned me down for a picture. It was the nose. On the other hand, I had just been booked at the Riviera in New Jersey for six weeks at \$12,500 a week. Seeing me sitting there so glum, Danny Kaye came over and asked me what was the trouble. I told him, and also mentioned my Riviera date. Kaye snorted. 'I'm sorry, Buster,' he said, 'I just can't feel sorry for a guy face to face with \$75,000.' Both of us howled. In a few minutes I had forgotten my blues."

Danny himself is a fellow who eagerly celebrates two birthdays each year: January 6 for Amos Jacobs, and August 12, the day he decided on the name of Danny Thomas. He has a perpetual black cigar stuck in his mouth, slightly greying hair, and is partial to bright-colored

She Married Her Boss

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the outstanding local hit. In a year, her income had mushroomed from \$12 to \$125 a week.

Patti recalled, "How Jack ever persuaded my mother to let me leave with Jimmy Joy's band is still one of the minor miracles."

For Patti, the offer could not have been more opportune. "I confess I left Tulsa singing the blues. Every time we had a network hookup, I'd try to schedule 'The Things We Did Last Summer,' hoping that announcer would hear me."

Her two-timing announcer never responded, but other listeners certainly did. Her touch of heartbreak gave Patti Page's voice a new dimension. Her emotion came through. She had learned how to communicate a mood.

Jack Rael became her partner and manager. With each more important booking there were new places, new gowns, new people, new admiration.

But for Patti, the glamour was only stage-deep. "I found I had gone from one sheltered life to another. My mother couldn't have been stricter than Jack. I didn't even have any dates, for he told the boys in the band, 'Hands off,' and they knew he meant it. But I got sort of tired of being everyone's little sister."

In Chicago, her days were full. She recorded for Mercury, she sang on the Breakfast Club, she played the cafes. She made friends among that talented group of young people—Garroway, Ted Mills, Ben Park, Burr Tillstrom, Fran Allison—and the many others who developed "Chicago-style" television.

Patti recalls, with particular pleasure, an engagement at Helsing's Vodeville Lounge, a neighborhood North Side restaurant. Chet Roble, Dixieland jazz pianist and raconteur, headed the bill. Supporting him were George Gobel, comedian; Al Morgan, piano humorist, the Mary Kaye Trio, and Patti Page. "It would take a big TV budget to duplicate that billing today."

She made 13 records for Mercury before she got a hit in "Confess."

Patti and Jack went to New York. "I found I had to start all over. An incident at the Copa jolted me . . ."

The audience was noisy. Jack complained to a waiter. The waiter was curt. "All I can tell you is that they don't talk when Lena Horne sings. She's got an act."

Patti, recalling it, shook her head in wonder. "That's when I began wanting to have someone style a special act for me. I realized that all I could do was stand up in front of a microphone. All my expression was in my voice. I was scared even to take a dance step . . . Now how could I have guessed what that wish would lead to?"

Unsure though she was of herself, some of her achievements became show business milestones. In 1950, she recorded "The Tennessee Waltz." It swung popular music into a country and western trend and paved the way for rock 'n' roll. Yet when the energetic male exponents of that wild beat conquered the charts, Patti was one of the few girl singers who continued to have hits.

In TV, too, she helped set new patterns, first as a guest, then as star of her own shows. At night clubs and theatres, she commanded top money. When she fussed about her presentation, her booking agency men replied, "How much money can one singer make?"

Patti persisted. "It isn't money. I've got to have a coach."

She wanted Charles O'Curran, she decided after much inquiry. As a dance director, he had done outstanding work in a number of films. He also had helped a number of motion picture stars in that extremely difficult task of working up a stage presentation.

Patti described their first meeting. "He caught my act. He wasn't interested."

MORE fearful than ever, she began an important tour in Boston. "I hated to go on stage. I was no more than back in my dressing room when I walked Charles O'Curran. He had flown up from New York for my opening."

According to Patti, "He was handsome as a young Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and twice as charming."

Her own charm didn't go entirely undetected. After many a discussion, Charlie delivered his verdict. "I'll coach you on one condition: I tell you everything. How to do your hair, what to wear, how to move . . ."

Said Patti, "Let's get to work."

Miami was next. When Patti entered her dressing room, she found a box of big red roses and with them the card, "I love you. Charlie O."

Patti recalled, "It wasn't in his handwriting. Obviously, he had ordered the flowers by phone and the florist wrote the card. But I had a feeling. I turned to my secretary and said, 'You may laugh at me if you want to, but I know. He really does love me.' That was the first time in my life that I ever wanted to go out and do a second show."

With the rest of the cast, they went to a late spot after the show. They met again at the edge of the hotel's pool, the next morning, and breakfasted on scrambled eggs.

But before the evening came, Patti did some thinking. True, Charlie had coached her in things she needed to know. She had a new assurance, a new rapport with her audience. But this young



A PLEASANT game of Scrabble relaxes tired Patti after a particularly tough rehearsal.

man appeared to be taking a few too many things for granted. This was no repeat "Pygmalion," no off-stage "My Fair Lady." He might think himself a Henry Higgins, but she, Patti Page, was no little flower girl. And, for that matter, even Eliza Doolittle found it necessary to give the master his come-uppance.

Charlie, when he stepped into her dressing room at the end of the show, was just a bit too casual. Without prologue, he demanded, "Are you ready?"

Said Patti coldly, "Ready for what?"

Charlie was taken aback. "To go out with me, I presumed . . ."

Patti stared at him, silent.

Charlie was flustered now. "I thought it was understood . . ."

Dignified as Queen Victoria, Patti arose from the dressing table. "Understood? Not at all. You will find out, Mr. O'Curran, that nothing is 'understood'. If you want me to go out with you, you will have to ask. Tonight, I have accepted another engagement."

The other engagement existed only in Patti's imagination. With a giggle, she confessed, "I spent the next two hours sitting alone with my secretary."

After that, Charlie asked, asked so properly that as their affection deepened, it became a running joke. At the dressing room door, his formal greeting habitually was, "Is it my understanding, Miss Page, that we are going out together this evening?"

Patti said, "Before he went back to Hollywood, we had reached an understanding. There was never a question 'Will you marry me?' Instead it was a matter of our planning, 'When we get married . . .'"

They went steady for two years. Steady by telephone, much of the time, for Charlie had set some goals for himself in Hollywood and Patti's shows held her largely in New York.

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The Marriage That Never Was

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This is not to say that Marlon Brando did not enter into wedlock in good faith. What it does suggest, and what perhaps he himself has finally faced up to in his own thinking, is that he entered into a relationship which for reasons apparently beyond his control he was not capable of sustaining.

His subconscious doubts were gnawing at him even on the day of his wedding, but he dismissed them, as people frequently do dismiss subconscious truths, with a jest. After Rev. J. Walter Fiscus had performed the rites of holy matrimony in the home of Marlon's aunt, Marlon saw the minister to the door and said facetiously:

"Well, I hope I won't ever have to call you back."

When Marlon married Anna, his delighted father spoke not only for himself but for all Marlon's devoted friends as he expressed the fervent hope that now his son would settle down. But it was not long before it was clear that the one talent the talented Brando lacked was the talent to settle down.

"You've got to have love," the seemingly tormented Brando said not long before he married Anna. "There's no other reason for living . . . I'm ready. I want it . . . Because, well what else is there? That's all it's really all about. To love somebody."

But this, like so many lofty things, was easier said than done. In practice, that was not all it was all about. To love somebody was not enough—at least it was not enough long enough to keep his marriage going for even a year.

IT IS one thing to affirm the need for love. It is another to have the capacity for the demands of love. Marlon soon found love an island surrounded by confinement and responsibility, and he was not willing to be marooned on such an island. He didn't consider the satisfactions worth the isolation.

Anna found herself more and more shut out by recurrence of his ancient need to be alone, to follow his unpredictable moods, to go off when he pleased for as long as he pleased, to hold himself accountable for his behavior to no man and to no woman—not even his wife.

While they were courting, it was the observation of Marlon's friend, Harry Mines, "They seemed to have a lot to say to each other. They seemed to have enormous enjoyment, enormous respect for each other."

But Marlon's moods were not constant, and it was not in marriage as it had been in courtship. He balked at the confinements and restrictions of marriage—in fact never acknowledged them—and complained to friends that he and Anna did

not have an intellectual meeting ground.

They set up house in a Japanese hill-top home, there to await the arrival of their first-born, but their relationship quickly deteriorated into a marriage in name only. It became a marriage of convenience, where everything was convenient to Marlon and nothing was convenient to Anna. Anna was a prisoner of his whims and his restlessness, and she suffered his cavalier treatment in uncomplaining silence. She lived in the stubborn hope that things would be different when the baby came.

But the mere act of marriage had failed to domesticate Brando. He behaved as if his generally acknowledged genius in his field entitled him to exemptions from the normal obligations of marriage. While his wife was heavy with child, he was heavy with his own broodings. He haunted the *cafe espresso* shops which seem to have mushroomed in Hollywood. He put in long hours at his offices at Paramount Studio, sat around chewing the fat with his pals while his wife waited at home, not knowing what had happened to him, where he had gone, or when he would come home.

"He's just one of those people who has to be by himself," Anna's friend told me without rancor. "I don't think he could be married to anyone. No girl could make him happy for a long time. He's one of those people who has to be by himself. He's the kind of a person who should live in a little hut by himself, and come and go when he wants."

On the face of the evidence, there's little likelihood that Marlon himself would take exception to that opinion. When the baby, Christian Devi, was born, his interest in the marriage showed definite signs of reviving, but his deep-seated behavior patterns outlasted his paternal enthusiasm.

"Anna was miserable," her friend confided. "The poor little thing was by herself all during her pregnancy. And he was with her only a little more after the baby was born. He would go out by himself and not come home till three or four in the morning. Anna was in constant torment. She couldn't sleep. She kept losing weight, and by the time she decided she couldn't live with him any longer she was down to 100 pounds."

Yet everyone who saw Marlon with his baby, Anna enthusiastically among them, acclaimed him as a wonderful father. Marlon, to whom teddy bears had meant so much when he was a baby, brought his own son an unending supply of them.

"He's a wonderful father," Anna would insist, concealing her hurts. "You should see him. As soon as he gets home from the studio he runs into the nursery and plays with the baby. I can't even get him

out of there until the baby is asleep."

In the first flush of fatherhood, Marlon had changed. He was mellowed by his love for the baby and he was more gentle to Anna, but the novelty wore off, and he pursued his parental pleasures at less frequent intervals. He was a wonderful father when he was home—but he was not home often enough to make Anna feel she was valued as a wife.

Yet until she reached the breaking point, she loyally offered vehement denials of discord when such reports leaked out early in her marriage, when Marlon was reported living apart, and later, in the turbulent week before she finally faced with anguish the truth that she was a pawn in a marriage that never was.

She constantly assured doubters that she was supremely happy, and that she and Marlon were eagerly planning on having more children. She even sought to appease Marlon by scolding the press and improving her mind, the latter by enrolling in a summer philosophy class at USC. And with Fall, she decided that perhaps Marlon would like it if she weren't the complete hausfrau, so she resumed her acting career in "Night Of The Quarter Moon" at MGM. Throughout the making of the film, she gave no inkling of her unrelieved domestic ordeal. She spoke proudly of the baby and never cast the slightest aspersion on Marlon.

PERIODICALLY, reports of difficulty with Marlon were renewed, and each time while Marlon maintained a stony silence, she offered incredulous denials, abetted by recitations by her friends of Marlon's virtues as a husband. Up until the last she was rationalizing his derelictions as a husband, and took pains not to reveal her humiliation.

But her resolve, and that of her friends, was crumbling. A friend, who in the past had smilingly pooh-poohed previous reports of a separation, did an about-face on the eve of the breakup and told me:

"Marlon's not the easiest man in the world to live with, you know. It could happen. It wouldn't surprise me at all."

Marlon wouldn't come home for days on end, and when he did come home he would treat her with indifference and live in a different part of the house. He was moody and uncommunicative, and when they did speak, hopeless arguments erupted. The nature of their relationship did not even change when it developed that Anna had a heart murmur.

Anna privately conferred with Beverly Hills attorney George Cohen, but even then put off final action in the hope that her difficulties with Marlon could be resolved. A month went by, but the miracle did not come to pass.

The man so revered for his penchant for listening by the hour to other people's troubles, for getting them to confide secrets they wouldn't entrust to their mothers, was shatteringly indifferent to his wife's troubles, and cold to her griev-

ances. His interests and his enthusiasms were elsewhere.

But there was a difference when Brando gave of himself in other relationships. There was not, as in marriage, a sense of obligation. He was generous, sympathetic and understanding. He overflowed with compassion. But he gave when the mood suited him, not on call. It was different in marriage when giving was expected of him as a matter of course, and not determined at a time and to an extent of his own choosing.

He resented even the minimum demands and confinement of marriage, and his attitude became more fixed, rather than more relaxed with the passing of time. Each new crisis convinced Anna anew of the truth she'd been unable to run away from—that she served strictly an ornamental role as Marlon's wife, the only role she could fulfill in a marriage that never was.

What functions he performed, he seemed to do grudgingly. The climactic event came when Anna found the maid drowned in the family pool. She was all by herself when she discovered the woman's body. She had been extremely fond of the maid and the experience left her an emotional wreck. But from all that can be gleaned Marlon offered her dubious comfort. He came by only briefly after he was informed of the accident, talked with police and issued orders barring reporters. To Anna, it was beside the point that he left ostensibly to return to work.

When finally Marlon came home, she pleaded with him to move because she couldn't bear to live there any more since the maid's death. However, he pointed out that their lease on the Robert Balzer estate had four months to go. She tried once more to do it his way, but it didn't work. She took her four-months-old child and moved into a house on Coldwater Canyon. She did this at a time when separation rumors were rampant again, but she offered no explanations. Her friends charitably pointed out that she left the house because of the maid's death—but they admitted that neither she nor they knew of Brando's whereabouts.

THAT was the last day Anna Kashfi played her agonizing charade. She no longer could bring herself to deny the truth that friends had whispered from the very beginning. She summoned her lawyers and instructed them to end once and for all the marriage that really never was—with the man who never was meant for marriage.

At last, she could hold nothing back. She poured out her soul.

"This is final and conclusive," she sobbed. "I can no longer endure his indifference and neglect and his strange way of living."

A minor example of that strange way of living was the unsigned note tacked on to the front door of the hilltop home

the same day Anna packed up and left.

"Please!" it enjoined. "If you have not made arrangements to come here, please don't disturb this household. Please do not consider yourself or your purpose an exception."

The failure of the marriage, however, was no longer anonymous. The emotionally distraught Anna Kashfi aired her grievances in a frenzy of release.

She not only acknowledged that she didn't know where her husband was at the time of her divorce announcement, but she wept that she never knew where he was. There were conflicting reports that Marlon had rented a small home in Beverly Hills near his agent, that he was living in his Paramount dressing room, and even that he was holed up in the hilltop home he so seldom visited when his wife was awaiting him there. Anna was too weary to deny any longer Mar-



HIS freedom is precious to Marlon and he never let his marriage interfere in any way.

lon's frequent disappearances, too weary to pretend that he ever was anything more than a part-time husband.

Bewildered, she discussed her heart condition for which she is under a doctor's care.

"Naturally, in my present condition I'm frightened," she confessed. "To whom should I turn for comfort but my husband. But how can I? He is never there. I do hope I won't have to go to the hospital. I have my baby to worry about."

With some difficulty she managed to compose herself, and she showed signs of some strength owing to her act to release herself from her phantom marriage.

"This is the end," she murmured, biting her lip. Attorney George Cohen was in Europe, and in his absence she had conferred with his partner, Seymour Bricker, instructing him to file suit. Having taken that step, she felt better. "I will charge desertion and cruelty, but I

won't be dragged down to Marlon's level. I'll get my freedom in a dignified way."

How ironic—considering that Marlon took his freedom without waiting for the formality of a divorce. For him, marriage by its very nature held too many restrictions, made too many demands, was too confining. And for him, as indeed he had always proclaimed, freedom was too precious to surrender on any altar, even that of matrimony, and he never permitted wedlock to interfere with his freedom.

IN A sense, if his previous behavior was not to be ignored, this unhappy consummation was to be expected. Marlon Brando always loved well, but not lingeringly. Whenever he felt his freedom threatened, love was expendable. Once before he had been in love, and even had gone to the extreme of announcing that he was going to marry Josianne Mariani-Berenger, daughter of a French fisherman. But Marlon realized before it was too late that marriage would have been a mistake—that he was not ready to surrender his freedom and individuality.

Perhaps, in blindness that men sometimes will enjoy, he allowed himself to believe that in Anna Kashfi, daughter of the Orient, descendant of a patient and long suffering race, he had found a woman who would be happy to marry him on his own terms, to be there when he wanted her, to accept his absences and his moods without question. If that was so, he practiced a foolish deception on himself and a cruel one on his wife.

Unquestionably, Marlon Brando did not willfully cause Anna Kashfi to suffer. This is perhaps small comfort to her, but in a sense she has been just as innocent a victim of his strange temperament and compulsive drives as he himself is. He couldn't be persuaded that marriage required him to give up anything, and that's what finally persuaded Anna Kashfi to give up hope. The anxious yearning of his father, his friends and his wife alike, that he would settle down expired in the ashes of the marriage that never was—a marriage that flickered at best, never burned brightly and finally died out.

"I was so stupid and naive to have gone through it all," Anna Kashfi shook her head disbelievingly as she awoke from her nightmare of neglect and humiliation. "I'm glad that it is finally over."

As usual, there was no comment from Marlon Brando. But perhaps for once, comment would have been superfluous. His actions made it perfectly clear that possibly for the first time since their marriage he and his wife agreed.

"Maybe he and Anna just weren't right for each other," Anna's friend mused, "but I don't think so. I don't think Marlon could be married to anyone, not happily married."

Perhaps that is the secret of the marriage that never really was. Perhaps it simply is the marriage that never should have been at all.

END

Once It Was My
Betrayal— but NOW—
**MY BODY
IS MY
PROUDEST
POSSESSION!**

by Margaret Holland



THE door slammed behind Marty, and slowly I crumpled to the floor. The sobs tore forth—deep and convulsive. "Marty . . . Marty . . ." I whispered, brokenly, and then his words came back and I shuddered and I shook my head violently from side to side, trying to fling what he had said away from me—trying not to hear him again. But his words hung in the room—toneless, cold, but searing my heart like dry ice pressed close against flesh. This had been Marty talking, I realized, numbly—*my Marty*—with whom I had planned our tomorrow—who would grin and tousle my hair when I insisted that the very first furniture we'd buy after the wedding would be that big, comfortable man's chair we'd seen at O'Rourke's downtown. The Marty whom I'd suddenly surprise looking at me with the special softness no one else ever saw. The Marty, whose wife I thought I was going to be—until a half-hour ago.

"I'm leaving, Maggie," he'd said. Unbelieving, I'd heard the words, but it was the deadness of his voice that made me understand what he was saying. "I'm leaving, Maggie—for good. I'm not coming around any more. And I'm sorry for you, for both of us."

"Sorry? Sorry for me?" I had flared, wildly. My voice rose in a scream. "Well, why not? Why not you? Everyone else is. The fat girl! Revolting Maggie Holland, once petite, demure Margaret and now offending the esthetic senses of her friends, her family—everybody! So why not *you* Marty?"

His words had been flat, quiet. "You've let yourself go, you've given up on yourself, Maggie. Oh, I know there was a time when you really tried. I know you've taken pills, and gone on diets—even tried reducing salons. But the brutal truth is that you've stopped trying. You were my girl and I fell in love with you and I'd still be in love with the Maggie who could take it and still come back and win. But the Maggie I fell in love with wouldn't feel sorry for her-

self, wouldn't feel she was the only girl who'd ever been cursed by overweight, wouldn't snap at her friends, quarrel with her family, permit the love affair with the man she was going to marry to deteriorate into irritable days and nasty evenings. In a simple word the Maggie I knew was the one I wanted for my wife, not the girl I'm looking at now."

I couldn't talk. Fury was choking me. At last the words had come in a strangled gasp. "Get out!!" And, then, as I felt the tears beginning to burn my eyes I quickly turned my back. Just before he closed the door behind him, a pale shaft of sunlight came into the room, and then he was gone, and only greyness was left and that was the way it would be forever, I felt.

I didn't hear the door open minutes later, and I turned, startled, when I heard Ray's voice at my side. Ray is Doctor Raymond Holland and my cousin, and, at 32, one of the most respected and best-liked practitioners in town. His sympathetic eyes took in my disheveled hair and tear-stained face but all he said was: "I was on my way over and ran into Marty as he was leaving. We had a talk."

"I hope he was less beastly then when he left here."

Ray grinned. "He was quite civilized." Then he leaned down and lifted my chin with his fingers. "But he was suffering, Maggie. It isn't easy for a guy like Marty to walk out on something so important."

My laugh was as unpleasant as before. "Suffering, indeed. I'll bet he was—worrying whether my fingers have gotten too pudgy for me to get his ring off to return to him. Or wondering how many people have been laughing at him all the time he's been going around with fat Maggie Holland—or suffering over —" Suddenly the bitterness ran out of me, wretchedness thickened my throat, and burying my face in my arms. I cried and Ray let me.

After a while he dried my eyes with his handkerchief.

Very quietly, he asked me: "Did you really understand what Marty was trying to say?"

"But, Ray, I have tried. You know I have. I've exercised, gone through reducing routines. Even reducing pills have failed to help me, although I've known some girls who have lost weight using them. I've tried simple dieting and have failed at that. I have tried!"

He took my hand in his, affectionately. "I know you have, honey. Marty knows it, too." He grinned as he continued. "And while you haven't lost any weight you must admit you've acquired just about the most difficult disposition in the family."

I nodded, ruefully. "That's true enough. And I hated Marty for saying it. But how would you feel—or Marty, for that matter—if day after incessant day you'd stick faithfully to what someone promises will take the ugly fat off you, only to have the scales tell you differently? Wouldn't you feel irritable enough to bite the cat—as I almost have done once or twice?"

Ray's intelligent face broke into a chuckle. "I certainly would. And that's how most overweight people feel. And that's why they stay overweight."

"We stay fat because we're irritable?" I asked.

"Uh-huh. Look, Maggie—all these advertisements you see about losing weight—they aren't phoney. They just aren't enough."

"Enough?"

"That's right. We doctors know that most of these pills have methyl cellulose in them and that they can do as they promise—fill the stomach so that an overweight person won't feel the rumblings of hunger. That's simple and logical enough. But despite that, these products fail more often than not to do the trick."

I asked: "But why, if what you say is true?"

"It's true, all right. The trouble is that most reducing products don't take into account the most important element of all—the unbearable tension, the irritability, the feeling of all's wrong with the world that a girl like you has hanging over her all the time she's faithfully following instructions—or thinks she is. Maggie, my darling, tell Doc Holland—isn't it true that for the two months you were taking the pills that you bought in Marshall's drugstore you continued to overeat even though you weren't hungry?"

Understanding broke over me. "Why, of course. I remember asking myself why in the world I kept going to the refrigerator when I wasn't hungry in the least. And yet I had to eat. I simply had to!"

"You see?" Ray said quickly. "You had to eat when you were taking the pills and weren't hungry for the same reason you got fat in the first place—by overeating when you were hungry. In both cases tension, nervousness, irritability drove you as they drive most people for whom weight becomes a problem."

"Now see here, Doctor Holland, are you telling me that somebody—some firm—that understands this has come up with an answer to my problem?"

"That's just what I'm telling you, Maggie. A short time ago an important pharmaceutical house sent me several packages of their new product, *SLIMTOWN*. Doctors continually receive samples of things that are new. What these people had to say about *SLIMTOWN* made sense. They had combined 3 important ingredients into their capsule. One was *Antipatin* that lets you continue to enjoy all your favorite foods but the craving for them diminishes. . . . The second was *Gastrofilin*—tried and true—the ingredient that fools your stomach—makes it feel half-full to begin with even before you sit down to eat. . . . And the third—wonder of wonders—made the job complete and sold me immediately. That was the sensational new ingredient called *Pacifin* and its function is to remove completely the tension, the high-voltage irritability you and I have been talking about. They guaranteed that *SLIMTOWN* would melt off the pounds because the user would not only not feel like overeating—he would feel calm, easy-going, at peace with himself while the pounds dropped off. Clara Jenkins came into my office later in the day. You remember Clara—she weighs 200 pounds—or at least she did. I told Clara to take the *SLIMTOWN* I had received—told her to eat all she really wanted to eat and to take *SLIMTOWN* as directed. Clara pooh-poohed it. But finally she took the capsules. That was four weeks ago. Yesterday Clara was in my office. She had lost 23 pounds and had come to my office to kiss me and almost did right there in front of my patients."

I confess that if it had been anyone other than Ray Holland telling me this I simply wouldn't have believed

it. But Ray is the most confidence-inspiring doctor I know—young enough to have been in recent contact with the newest in the medical world and old enough to tell the gilt from the gold. My hopes began to rise like a rocket.

I said: "Let me get this straight. The pills I've been taking haven't helped because I was wound up like a clock and couldn't keep from nervous eating?"

"Correct," said Ray.

"And *SLIMTOWN* will have the calming and soothing effect on me that will let me eat what I want to eat and not go hog-wild?"

"That's right."

"And I'll be able to eat the things I love—steaks, desserts? All I really want?"

Ray nodded vigorously. "Absolutely."

"And the pounds will drop off in bunches?"

"As much as 7 to 10 pounds per week," Ray said.

"And Marty?" I asked, smiling for the first time.

Ray grinned back, "*SLIMTOWN* guarantees Marty, too, I'll bet."

"Well, what are we waiting for, Dr. Holland? Let's get over to your office and get those *SLIMTOWNS* before they're gone."

"They are gone," Ray said sheepishly. "My enthusiasm ran away with me and there's Jane Morgan and Mrs. Orikoff and several others who were simply made for *SLIMTOWN*. But you can buy *SLIMTOWN*. They cost only \$2.98 for a full 10-day supply. And \$4.98 for a big 20-day treatment. \$6.98 for 30-Day Supply."

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They're sold with an absolute money back guarantee if they don't do exactly as they say they'll do: take the fat off you quickly and agreeably. They really don't guarantee you'll get Marty back. That's up to you." And with a light kiss on my forehead, Ray left.

How can I tell you what Ray did for me? When I thought of the courage it had taken for Marty to talk to me the way he did, and of how I had screamed in return, my face burned with shame.

My impulse was to rush to the phone and call him, but I decided to wait, to surprise him. However, I hadn't reckoned on the meddling Dr. Holland. Because when 3 weeks later and 18 pounds lighter, with an elegant dress that showed off my figure and a sunny, smiling face to match I led Marty into the living room, he didn't look surprised one bit.

He said, right off: "I've arranged for my vacation in June. We can be married then. Okay?"

Just like that. I couldn't find words. I nodded.

He said: "I've found an apartment. You'll love it."

Ecstatic, I nodded again.

"We'll be able to get all the furniture except the couch. That'll take three or four months more."

I finally found my voice. I said demurely: "Not every girl gets two proposals from the same man. Isn't this one rather abrupt?"

The creases around Marty's eyes highlighted their twinkle. "I love you," he said.

Mischievously, I waved my hand at myself. "My dress too?"

"Love you," he repeated. "Know all about your figure. Knew about it first day you started. Doc Holland told me. *SLIMTOWN*, great stuff."

We've been married 3 years now. A wonderful marriage. Marty, me, little Martin. *SLIMTOWN'S* there too, any time I need it.

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Letter To The Future Mrs. Hutchins

continued from page 27

many friends. It was too much of a responsibility, I thought, and so I played games by myself and was happy that way. During my high school days I had no car and this made me chicken about asking girls out. Today, since my TV series, I get more dates than I can handle and it's such a snap it makes me suspicious. So I protect myself from getting married for marriage sake, but I believe I'll recognize the girl who is right for me. My problem is—to find her!”

Although his father (he was a dentist and so was his father before him) had four marriages before he passed away, Hutch grew up living with his widowed mother, who's all for her son getting married. At one point he stuttered painfully and suffered through the problems confronting children of divorced parents. While managing to disguise his feelings, he remained shy and still doesn't feel too fit at intimate gatherings. Oddly enough, former school mates will tell you he was the clown of the class, but Hutch reveals his reasons:

“All my struggles were on the inside where no one could see. I clowned around to cover up, but I could never belong to anything, or feel like I fitted in anywhere. As a kid I put on shows in the backyard to escape and appeared in college plays. Lacking confidence, acting gave me a chance to ‘show off.’ Thanks to TV I'm gaining in confidence and now I get a chance to ‘show off’ and get paid for it too. Not bad! No sir, not bad at all!”

Even though we know nothing about you, whoever you are, as Mrs. Will Hutchins it's conceded that you're perceptive and therefore thoroughly adaptable. So even though your married life may be revolutionary and unpredictable, you'll know you'll have the greatest security as compensation. You'll know especially if you remember this.

“I think I'll make a gentle husband, but not a henpecked one,” Hutch reassures you. “As my wife you'll have to read my mind a lot, but I'll devote 100% to the girl I love. She'd still have to be clairvoyant, because I'd get embarrassed and couldn't tell her all the things I feel for her inside. When a man loves a woman it's important for her to hear it put into words and if my wife will put up with me, maybe in time I can get around to speaking out.”

So your work is cut out for you, but as you now know, it's awfully worthwhile work if you can get it! Having a sense of humor, which is a *must* with Hutch, would see you through. Then you'd have to love being out-of-doors and enjoy things like packing into the high Sierras. Of course you'd have to be a fan—in more ways than one. Hutch seeks out every old-movie house that runs Buster

Keaton, Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd comedies. You can guess why he flips over comedians, can't you? He has a suppressed desire to play comedy, natch!

“My wife would have to like my acting,” Hutch comments wryly, “or at least fool me! I'm serious about my work and have been studying and preparing to get some place since I was 12. So it wouldn't help to have a wife saying, ‘You were awful in that scene.’ I get enough of this on the outside. Besides, if a wife doesn't like you—who should?”

Now don't ever say we didn't warn you about this honest naturalness that is peculiarly his own. This “Sugarfoot” (a term for someone who's one step below a tenderfoot) in real life can be unintentionally deceptive too. That boyish easy-going manner, that unruly bleached (for photographic purposes) mop of corn-yellow hair makes some folk think he's a country hick. You can believe the experts, he knows the big city score and when you see him handle himself in the ring, you'll be aware he can handle himself anywhere.

“I TRY to play fair,” Hutch grins, “but I'm stubborn if I know I am right. Like that time, for example, when the wardrobe man gave me a hat that didn't set too well. I asked for another, but the studio liked the hat and wouldn't replace it. So I just slipped out quietly and bought my own. No one noticed the switch until several scenes later and in television that's much too late for retakes. Sometimes you have to sort-of look out for yourself!”

As Hutch's wife you'd be expected to do things on the spur of the moment, because, he admits, he “isn't a planner,” or is he overly domestic. He'd like a household that's filled with lots of fun, but if you please—“not reeking of cooking cabbage.” If his wife wanted to share all the way, she'd bear up with his health food kicks (it's the Clint Walker influence) and at least pretend that she liked such goodies as seaweed juice and sunflower seeds.

“Now if my wife laughed at my jokes—and understood them too,” Hutch muses, “I'd be a real lucky man. As a matter of fact, I wouldn't mind if she's not too smart and I wouldn't care if she's something of a screwball. But not consciously so. Maybe she'd have to be to fit into my way of life! When I'm not working I like to sleep all day and stay up all night listening to Louis Armstrong, Mugsy Spanier, Duke Ellington and many other favorite records in my collection. I like to sit in the corners of little coffee houses and although I'm a lousy dancer, I'm willing to learn and hope my wife can teach me. Too much chatter annoys me,

continued on page 66

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LETTER TO THE FUTURE MRS. HUTCHINS

continued

especially if I have a bad day at the studio. One thing I wouldn't want is consolation. A wife who would ask questions, talk logically and soothingly and try to analyse things, wouldn't help. I guess I'm so used to working things out on my own it has to be this way."

On the other hand, you could really shine as Hutch's wife in the social amenities department. A wife with subtlety in her approach could see him through many awkward moments and he'd be eternally grateful. He isn't aggressive and he knows it's lacking in his make-up. People always told him he'd have to be pushy to get somewhere, but he insisted, "I'll have to depend on my luck. I'm something like a boxer who doesn't always fight back, but doesn't fall down." He was right. His luck paid off.

Being even-tempered, Hutch usually remains friendly, courteous and respectful. But just don't push him too far. He can explode and when it happens he whirls around the room like an angry windmill. Being a worrier, he naturally worries about it later. As his wife he'd still be kind, gentle and considerate of you and this is why he turned on his best friend once when on a double date.

"He got into an argument and twisted the arm of his girl friend," Hutch recalls. "It made me feel badly and I told him off. No one has a right to hurt others intentionally and for a second there I sure wanted to let him have one."

Unlike the average wife, by having an actor for a husband you'd be faced with special problems incited by his profession. But in this case, being married to Hutch you'd be spared because he isn't spoiled and he is in love with his work and not himself. While he appreciates constructive fan mail, the "gee you're dreamy" approach leaves him cold and

unimpressed. Flattery, especially in public, embarrasses him. Like the time a noisy matron swooped down on him and bussed him on the cheek. He turned beet red. Although he wants to build and design three homes—"in the mountains, at the beach and in New York where you have some place to walk"—Hutch still wants a family and adds, "The sooner the better."

"The older I get," he wants you to know, "the more I appreciate kids. I think my personal appearance tours have helped to bring us closer. They like my shows and, believe me, when they swarm around they can spot a phony every time. Once when I tried to be a magician, I could fool the adults, but not the kids. I'll probably have three, because everything happens to me in threes. I played three emotionally disturbed youths on TV's Matinee Theatre and was discovered by Warner Bros. and signed. Then I played in three pictures and was a pilot in each. Before "Sugarfoot" I didn't know one end of the horse from the other. After riding lessons on three different horses, I keep getting better and can stay on any horse."

So how do you feel at this point, you out there who are going to be Mrs. Will Hutchins? Don't you agree that you'll never have a chance to get bored with the wonderful life you'll lead? Personally, we think you'll be walking in four leaf clovers and if you still have doubts, the following should convince you.

"My grandparents celebrated their 65th wedding anniversary this year," says Hutch with a lump in his throat. "And they've even lived in the same house for 50 years. Just think of that! Such a record would sure make me feel mighty proud. You see, I believe that marriage strengthens the bonds and lessens the lonely trip through life. So I'm ready and all I'm waiting for now is to find someone to blend with. If she'll have me—I'll be mighty grateful to know that I'll never be lonely again."

END

She Married Her Boss

continued from page 59

Trying as the separation sometimes got, Patti doesn't regret their long courtship. "No two people who are in love like to be apart, but it did give us time to learn to know each other, to plan, and to integrate our love with our lives."

They married at the home of Wilbur Clark, owner of Desert Inn, at Las Vegas, on December 28, 1956. The reception was at Il Mirador in Palm Springs where owner Ray Ryan set up a fountain which flowed with pink champagne for the event.

With Paramount claiming Charlie and her TV show claiming Patti, they had

to wait for their honeymoon. To make up for it, they've had two. Last summer they went to Europe; this year they spent a lazy two months in the Caribbean, then drove across country to Tulsa so that Charlie could meet her family.

What are their future plans? How long will they continue to have two homes, with one of them in Hollywood and the other in New York?

Patti tilted her head and gave her questioner a knowing smile. "There are now some 30 grandchildren in the Fowler family. And Charlie and I sort of think there is room for a few more."

END



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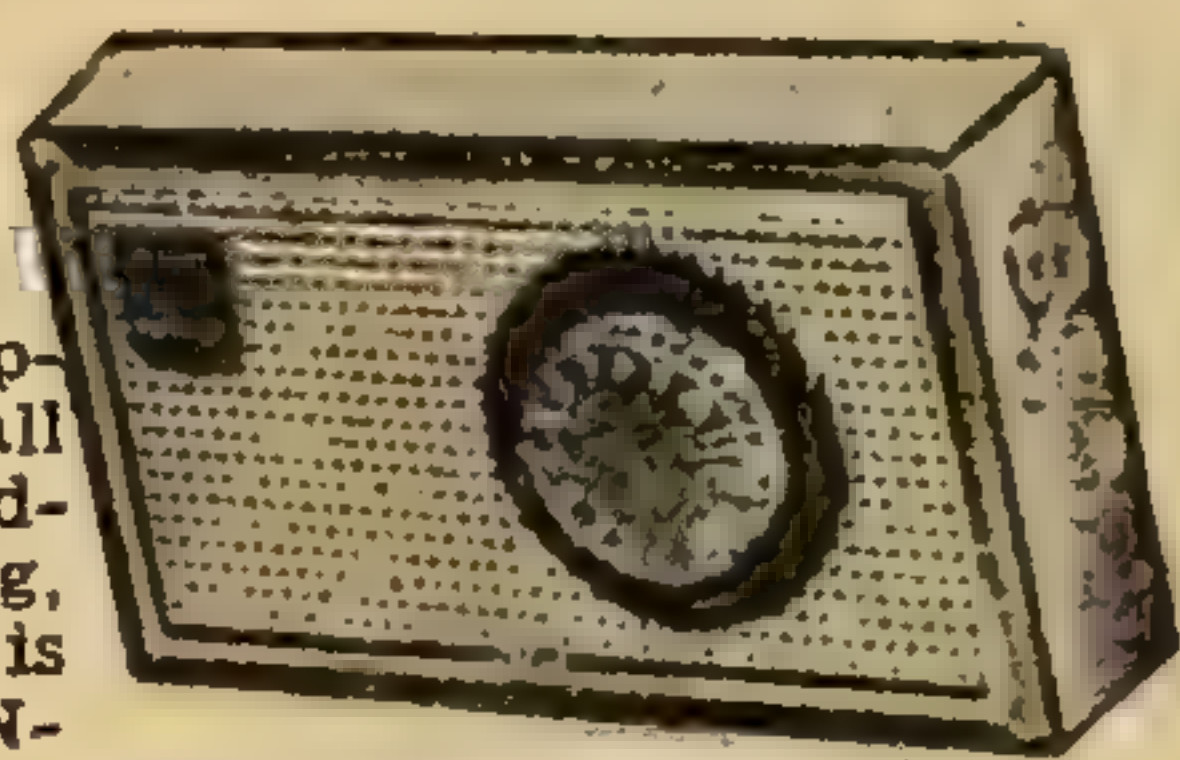
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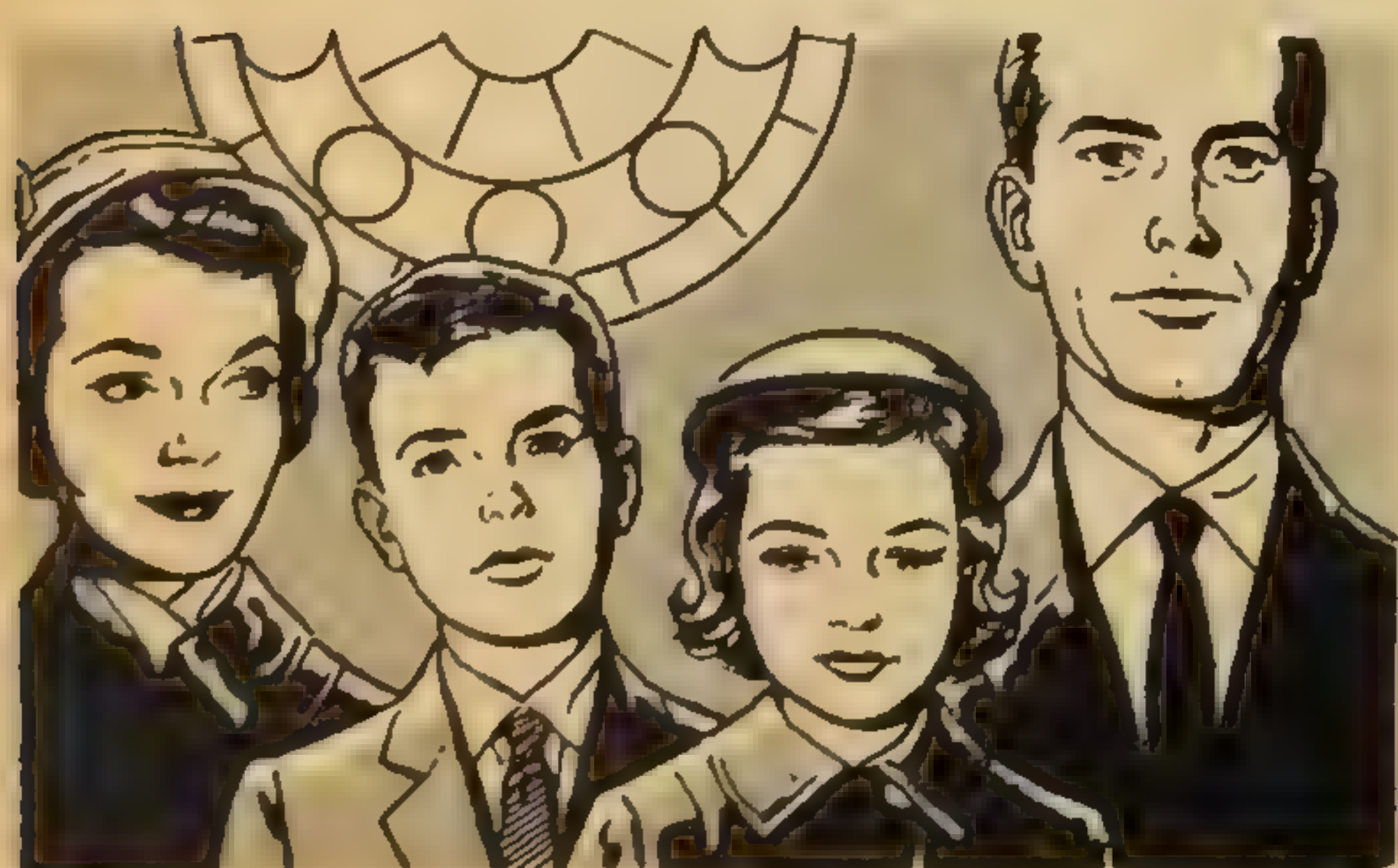
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WORSHIP TOGETHER THIS WEEK

"What I Found Out About Girls"

continued from page 41

doesn't feel a bit neglected because of it.

That leads up to the point that most girls appreciate thoughtfulness. And it needn't take the form of presents.

When I came back from my last trip, I brought a girl an inexpensive little heart pin.

She knew I hadn't spent much on it—but she also knew that I had spent time picking it out. That's the only thing that mattered to her.

"It's beautiful," she told me. "I didn't expect anything!"

She meant it too.

Probably my most delightful surprise about girls is that they can be very good sports. There is no better example of it than an incident in Houston, Texas, during my last year in high school.

I was scheduled to appear at a Country Club about 15 miles out of town. Since I'd never been there I asked the owner to make up a detailed sketch to help me find the place—which I promptly left on my dresser when I picked up my girl friend.

By the time we left her house, it was

too late to turn back. Besides, I felt quite sure that I remembered enough instructions to find my way.

Both of us became somewhat doubtful when we suddenly found ourselves on a dirt road, but I continued in what I thought was the right direction. This road could be a short cut. Fifteen minutes later it started to rain and ten minutes after that we were hopelessly stuck in the mud.

With no help expected, we had no choice but to walk back to the main highway, miles away.

By the time we got a cab and finally reached the club, we were three hours late, and spattered with mud up to the waist. Needless to say, they had found a replacement for me in the meantime.

I expected her to be mad at me. Instead she laughed, "I think it was exciting. Besides," she added, "if we'd been here in time I'd have had to sit by myself while you sang. This way we had a chance to be together. . . ."

Her attitude helped convince me that girls are pretty wonderful. . . . **END**

Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 53

receives from "China Smith"—"It's the best security I know, next to being friendly with Trujillo." . . . How d'ye like that Garbo? Until this summer she wanted to be alone—with George Schlee, or other devoted friends. But this year she was all over the Riviera, being friendly with everyone, attending all the galas and having a ball.

From John Wayne, after 29-year-old wife Pilar returned to the 51-year-old box-office giant, "I don't blame her, I was away too much." Then he went away again for "Horse Soldiers." If you marry an actor you must travel with him, or take the consequences. . . . When Bob Crosby was asked if he would like to live permanently in New York, the singer replied, "No, thank you. It's like driving on the freeway for relaxation."

Eyebrows were raised in Rome when luscious Anita Ekberg went dating with her old flame, Mario Bandini. Husband Anthony Steel stoutly maintained from London that he didn't expect his wife to be a recluse when he was unable to be with her. Mario, if you remember, recently unsworned for Kim Novak, after her dates with Prince Aly Khan and that general from the Dominican Republic.

The gal with the best painting collection in Hollywood, is none other than Martha Hyer.

With Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon

both playing lady impersonators in "Some Like It Hot," will they be eligible for the best male or female Oscar award? . . . I hear that Deborah Kerr will pay a fortune rather than lose custody of her two daughters. She has been a devoted mother, and I can't believe that the girls will be better off brought up by their father, who was usually busy in England while Deborah worked and raised her children in California.

Elvis Presley writes buddies here that when his Army stretch is over, he intends to buy a house in Hollywood and settle down. As far as I know, all of his girl friends are writing to him. . . . Gary Cooper shoots eagles in the desert, while wife Rocky and daughter Maria slide down the slopes of Sun Valley. . . . And while we're at the famous winter resort, you can't get Van Johnson to try the high Mount Baldy runs. The low Dollar Mountain slopes "are quite high enough for me," says the cautious actor.

And to round off our stories. Rossano Brazzi was lunching with Simone Signoret, one of the great actresses of France. And during a pause, Rossano said, "You won't believe it, but I haven't seen one of your plays or movies. But then," he added, jocularly, "there are at least ten of my own movies that I haven't seen." To which Mlle. Signoret replied, "That I can understand!" **END**

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Coming Attractions

continued from page 9

to drama, and doing both incredibly well. As a marine in World War II, Wagner is completely believable as he makes the transition from coward to hero while buddies Bradford Dillman and Jeffrey Hunter have equally difficult ways to go. Dillman, wealthy, intellectual and an idealist, figures the war will bring him closer to life. Sergeant Hunter's reason for leaving new bride Hope Lange and his child who is yet to be born, is simply that as a regular Marine his job is to fight wars and hope some of his experience rubs off on the recruits. When this trio isn't occupied testing their mettle on the battlefield, they do a creditable job in the romance department, too. On hand for those skirmishes are France Nuyen, Hope, Sheree North, and Dana Wynter. All in all, this is a fairly complete DeLuxe color study of the effect of war on an assorted group of young people. (20th Century-Fox.)

The Roots Of Heaven

FILMED in DeLuxe color in French Equatorial Africa, this is the incredibly fascinating story of a man, Trevor Howard, whose unorthodox approach to freedom makes him an international figure. It is Howard's belief that unless the freedom-loving elephants of Africa are protected from ivory hunters and meat hungry natives, the herds will fast become extinct. Support for Howard's cause comes through unusual channels: Juliette Greco, an ex-prostitute turned cafe entertainer; Errol Flynn, an alcoholic; and Eddie Albert, a U. S. photographer. As so often happens, these causes are turned and used by opportunists. With Howard, it's only a matter of time until an African nationalist exploits him for his own use. One of those special films that combines everything to make fine entertainment. (20th Century-Fox.) **END**

Don't Call Her "Beat"

continued from page 31

of the younger ones into a mold which they call "the beat generation," meanwhile deploring them.

"Certainly there are some young people who hang around the coffee shops and enjoy feeling sorry for themselves," she admits. "But it's a sort of fad, a pose, and older people have encouraged them in it mostly by talking about it. They just haven't found themselves yet and they haven't learned that the more you have to overcome obstacles, the more you develop your mental and spiritual muscles. Honestly, obstacles are *good* for you . . . like weight-lifting!"

Admittedly, it sounds a bit odd to talk about "obstacles" in Dolores's case when you read the studio account of her easy transition from school play to studio test, to an important part in a picture, to a long term contract. It all sounds so *simple*. But Dolores has an answer to that, too.

"I started overcoming my first obstacles when I was three years old," she says. "When the breaks started coming my way I had already developed my muscles!"

Another wonderful "break" came her way this autumn when she went to New York to appear on Broadway with Cornelia Otis Skinner and Cyril Ritchard in the stage play, "The Pleasure Of His Company." Both Miss Skinner and Mr. Ritchard have publicly expressed their gratification at securing this "delightful young actress" to appear with them.

Despite her self-sufficiency of which she is so sure and so proud, she is incor-

rigibly sentimental. An amusing card on a special occasion, a silly or frivolous, extravagant or loving gift, especially an unexpected one, will send her into a little transport of happiness for days.

"When I went to New Orleans on location some of my friends sent me a going away gift, a basket of cookies and cakes and things, with gag cards and photographs and so on. The wretches knew I was on a diet and the basket contained the most *fattening* things you can imagine. But I was so tickled with it, I ate nearly everything in it and do you know I didn't gain an ounce. Perhaps when something gives you that much pleasure, then it can't harm you!" Dolores has charming and whimsical explanations for many of the things that happen to her.

She lived alone for a time after she started "Lonelyhearts," so she could be near Paramount Studio. "But I never learned to cook. I don't like it. I can make one interesting dish . . . a combination of frozen lamb cubes, jack cheese and matzos. It's quite good." She now lives with her mother and stepfather in San Fernando Valley. "I certainly," she says, "haven't had time to do any dreaming about that 'ideal house' which so many Hollywood starlets seem to plan, even before they are starlets!"

She is not much concerned with clothes. Her mother makes most of hers and they usually run to tailored suits and soft silk blouses, "Things I don't have to think about very much." For

evening, she likes very simple things, nothing bouffant or fussy, in beige, blue or black.

"I am inclined to 'under-dress' I think, perhaps because I am still a little bit self-conscious in public, such as at premieres. I don't own any jewelry. Honestly, I've never even *thought* about jewelry at all."

She's not much of an outdoor girl, although she likes to ride when she can.

She likes city life—"apartments, subways, taxis, crowds"—and takes a dim view of suburban living with lawns and rose gardens and fish ponds. She has no desire for a swimming pool.

She is a touch frightened when she is asked to "date for publicity purposes," but if her studio asks her to go to a premiere or a party with a specific young man, she acquiesces graciously. "I guess it is part of the job," she says.

She does date, though, with people who are not actors. One of the ones with whom she has the most fun is a handsome young photo editor named Dick De Neut. "We like to do a lot of zany things together and we laugh a lot and we don't go to the places where the celebrities go. We really do have fun.

Marriage? "Of course I want to be married some time and have children. I'm a normal woman! But it wouldn't be fair to any man . . . or to me . . . to think seriously about marriage at this point. I am just getting started on a career for which I have worked hard and I am serious about it. It demands all of my attention just now. When I get around to marriage I shall be serious about that, too. I don't intend to do anything in my life halfway."

She probably never will.

It is almost an anomaly to find a girl who looks and seems so enchantingly feminine, so genuinely alluring, with such a sturdy steel core of character and determination. Perhaps that is how important artists are constituted. **END**



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"I Was Afraid Of Men"

continued from page 17

November and we have been together exactly 40 days! However, Philippe will be coming to Hollywood soon for a visit and we will look for a home here."

The pair have a home in Paris, an apartment which they have happily and haphazardly furnished during Christine's brief visits to that city. Christine reports, rather vaguely, that it has "English furniture" with cotton upholstery and drapes and a lot of red and blue around. At the moment, she occupies a small apartment in the Hollywood hills not too far from her studio.

She says she is a good cook, "because my French mother made me learn to cook. But I don't like it and I don't intend to do much of it. The best thing I do is a cheese souffle."

Her favorite food? Ice cream, with no doubt or hesitation. "And then that meat you roast a leg of . . . that baa-baa . . . Yes! Leg of lamb, roasted pink the way we do in France."

But she loves to sew—her mother taught her that, too, early in life—and she makes as many of her own clothes as she can with what time she has to work on them.

"The important thing," she glows, "is that I shall be able to make clothes for my own babies. I can hardly wait to do that. I think we shall start a baby early next year." She seems to have no doubt at all about the cooperation of Nature in this worthy plan. And with the way things have been breaking for Christine, if she wants to "start a baby," no doubt

she will get her wish. Christine is a girl who gets her wishes.

She likes the Hollywood daytime mode in clothes (it is almost a uniform for actresses) of linen slacks and gingham shirts for daytime and she loves to "get thrillingly dressed up" for a premiere or a big party or a night club. It is so common in Hollywood these days to hear actresses declare, with self-conscious ennui, that night clubs bore them . . . it is refreshing to find this young eager girl admitting that she "lo-oves them."

"I feel happiest in blue and second-happiest in white," she says. "Blue is my happiest color, perhaps because I look my best in it. But I cannot bear green of any shade . . . don't want to wear it and don't want it around me. I don't know why I should feel so strongly about it."

She likes to paint in watercolors and critics say her pictures are pretty good. She writes, too, and has had some short stories published in France. "Some day I shall write novels," she says, confidently. "But I am an outdoor girl at heart."

We undertook to find out about this and encountered another of her methods of making herself understood when her English temporarily fails her. She isn't to be daunted, this one!

After naming "sweeming" and riding and driving a car as among her favorite outdoor activities, she suddenly said, "And my very favorite—skeeeting."

We attempted to unravel this one but

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"I WAS AFRAID OF MEN"

continued

it was difficult. Ski-ing? Skeet shooting?

"Non. That lovely thing with the rolla-rolla-rolla . . . you must know." This was beginning to sound like a college yell until someone more familiar with Carere-ese came up with the suggestion, "Roller skating?" "Oh, yes! The rolla-rolla. Is my favorite."

She likes to jitterbug, too, she discovered while making "A Certain Smile." "I so like the jump-ups and jump-downs. Such fun!"

She has one other trauma left over from her childhood which, while not a serious one, causes her some inconvenience. It is claustrophobia and she traces it back to the time, when she was tiny and her cousins locked her in a

dark closet. She thinks it was aggravated by an experience she had not too long ago when an elevator in which she was riding was stuck between two floors for some 20 minutes.

"I was frantic and got hysterical. I was sure I couldn't breathe although actually there was plenty of air and no danger. But I am worse since then. I am afraid of small places. I don't even like a telephone booth and I hate to see a door close behind me. I shall have to get over it."

With all her gaiety and her small quirks and her moods, Christine is a serious and dedicated actress. That she has the beauty and the sparkle to match her talents is certainly a fortunate thing for all of us.

You'll be seeing a lot of Christine Carere. Look forward to her. **END**

interpreter. It may, as you have suggested, be immature, but it is as much a part of Supreme Court justices as it is teenagers. So—what? We know what John Wilkes Booth did. Well, what does Jack Lemmon?

"Here's where I tie you up. Sorry. I live in a little house on a steep hill in a section of Bel-Air that is not as fashionable or expensive as you usually think of Bel-Air as being."

"It's a slum," said Wilder.

"No. Just suburban. And if I'm not working, I lounge around. Do a little gardening. What else? My golf certainly is no good.

"Most of last week-end I spent over at Tony's. We played croquet and some baseball and fooled around. Very strenuous. I don't go to night clubs except for some very special reason. Pictures are great, otherwise I wouldn't be out here, but if I got a crack at a play I liked, I'd head East in a minute. How I miss that medium! All those hands going clap, clap, clap. You know that I've been married, that I now go with a very lovely person and talented actress named Felicia Farr. And I read a great deal, especially about the theatre."

"And you write music."

"All the time. Piano. Harmonica. I'm frustrated that way."

It may be his only frustration, although his father was a somewhat disillusioned actor who wanted Jack to do something else besides acting. But unhappily, there was the little matter of a stage debut at the age of four, and from then on nothing else in life mattered. A series of posh New England prep schools and after that Harvard, didn't do anything to cure him, and neither did his wartime hitch in the Navy. An ensign there, he later ticked off an Oscar as Ensign Pulver in "Mister Roberts."

Lemmon's career was, conventionally enough, launched on the stage, proceeded thence to television and thence to films, especially for Columbia Pictures where he has made a notable record, most recently with Doris Day in a little epic called "The Jane From Maine." "Some Like It Hot" is the independent that dragooned the elusive Miss Monroe back to her native habitat.

There is no doubt in the minds of connoisseurs that Lemmon is a funny fellow, yet he regards comedy roles as a convenience and something of an accident and doesn't actually care what he plays so long as the part is satisfactory to him and that he can indicate versatility.

Between times there is his Bel-Air hillside. Between finishing his chores with Miss Day and reporting for "Some Like It Hot," he had all of 24 hours up there. He was glad that was all. A brief span of unbroken Lemmon had tired him more than work would have. Now he was a guy disguised as a blonde dame, and Lemmon could get lost again. **END**

Escape From Lemmon

continued from page 49

need total sobriety for such a scene."

Curtis, bedizened, be-gowned, and non-brassiered, slipped in on Lemmon's left. Wilder and his attractive wife sat across the table. Lemmon's cosmetic mask moved again, grotesque as a funnel for his contemplative words.

"But acting at best is interpretive," he said. "I've argued it a thousand times and I'm not for a minute saying it's creative. There may be creative actors but I'm not one. You say what's written for you in the way somebody wants you to say it, and if you're told to turn this way or that, you do."

Did Mr. Wilder agree? As director, did he like wholly submissive actors?

"Oh, no," he said. "I ask for their advice. Then we do it *my* way."

Lemmon's patina twisted into something that probably was laughter. "There's one drawback, though," he said. "Your creative talent, your artist or your writer, however lonely he may feel he is—at least, he's the ultimate boss over what he's doing. The actor's a monkey on a stick. Then there's something else others don't always realize. An actor, if he's going to do his job, *has* to be working and that means he *has* to have an audience, an audience of some kind. Have you ever thought of that? Make faces in front of your mirror, read speeches into your personal tape, and you just aren't acting. Someone must be reacting to you. There's an old I.Q. question—'If a tree falls in the wilderness and no one hears it, no human or no animal, then has it really made a noise?' Well, scientifically I suppose, yes. Sound waves have been set up. But I'm with the problem children who say it hasn't. It hasn't made any noise at all."

Yet he wanted from the very first to be an actor?

"From the time I drew breath, I imagine. Sometimes I think everybody wants to be an actor, that that's the prime common urge. First you crave approval as a child and that craving grows into a need for applause and finally there's the need for non-reality, and you are good and hooked. The by-products, the autograph bit and so forth, are important only at first. The need is to act, not be a so-called celebrity. Celebrity for nothing but celebrity's sake isn't an ambition, it's an immature daydream. You'd think to hear me go on, I'd consulted psychiatrists. I haven't. But I've talked to them socially enough."

Still and all, Jacqueline, there inevitably arises a certain curiosity about the person behind the role—if you like, the

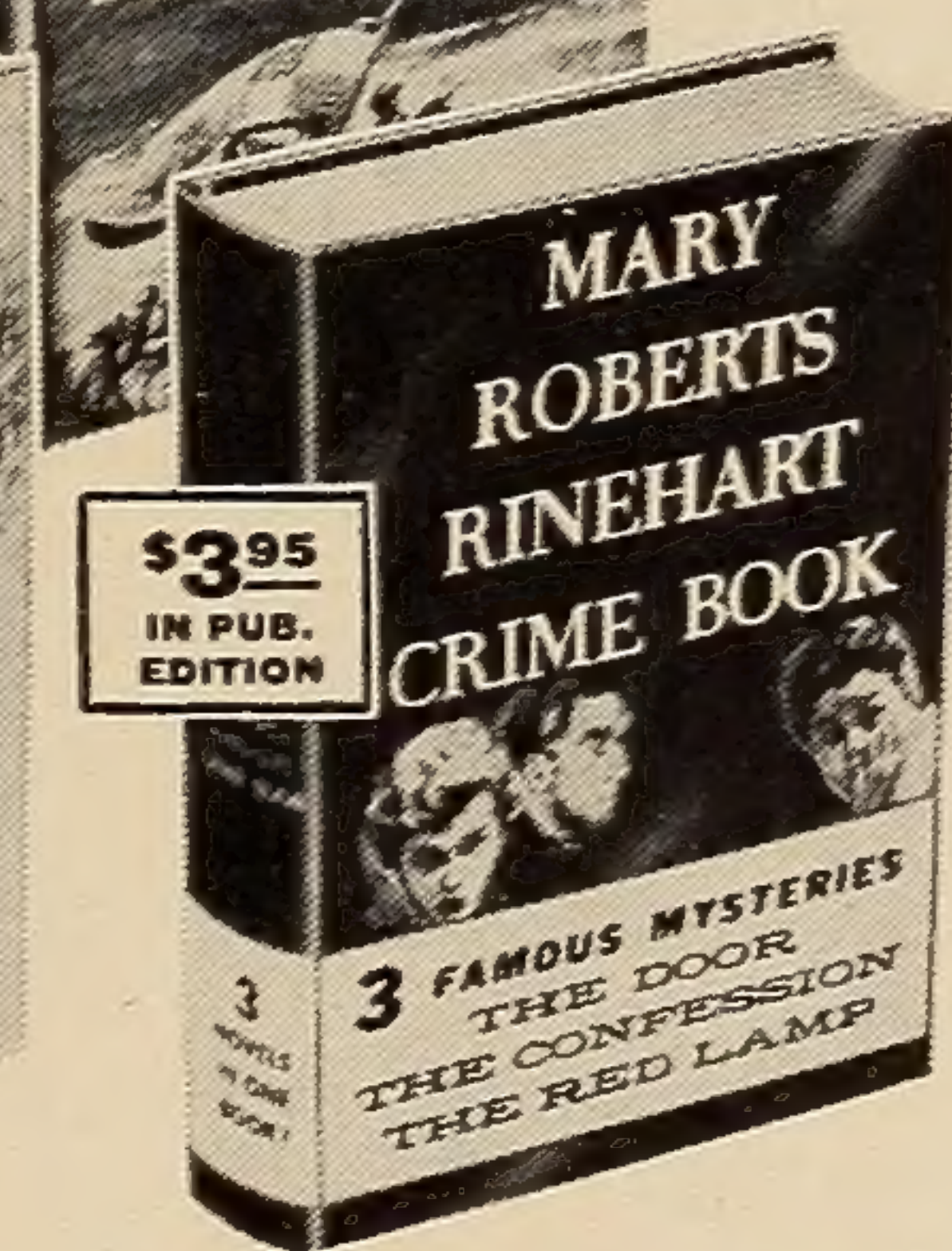
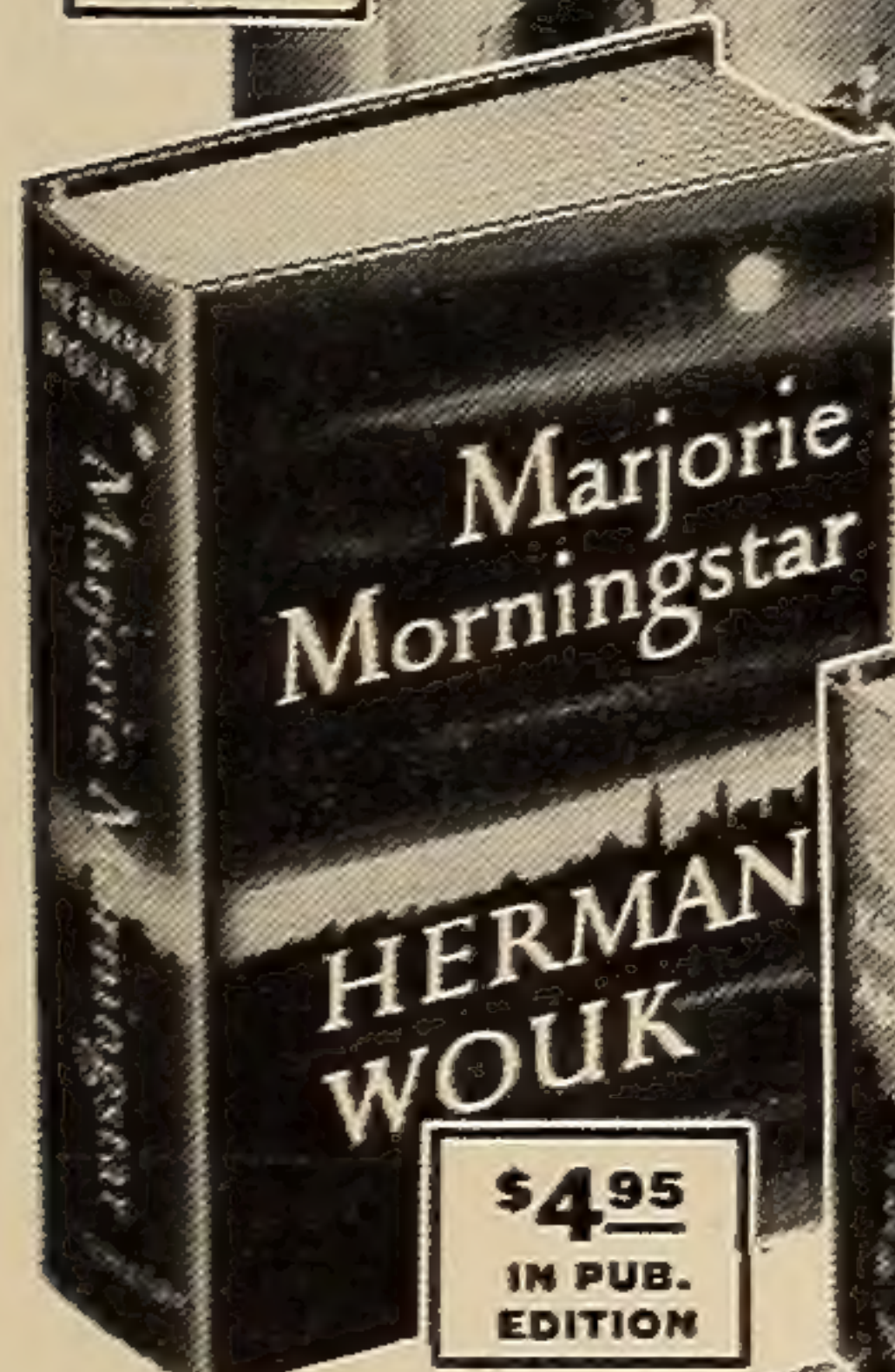
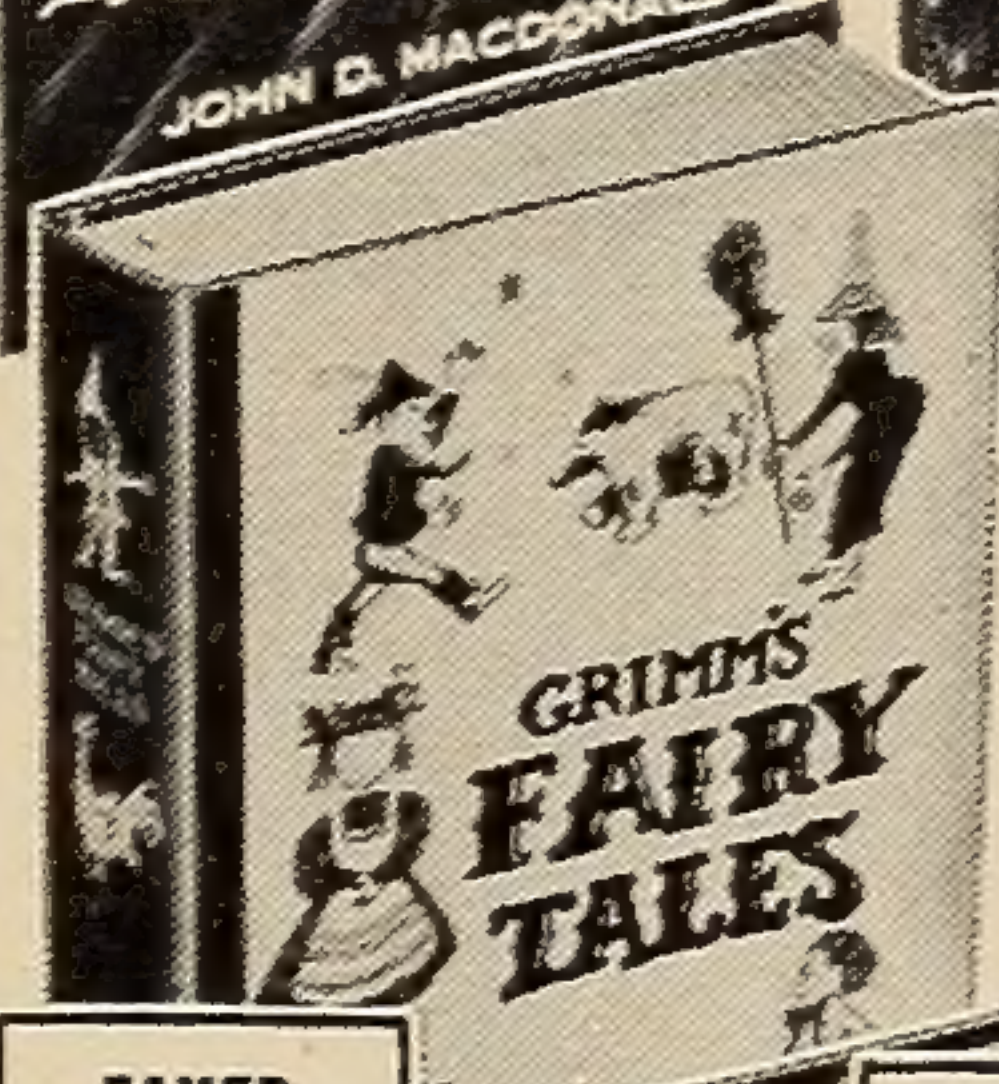
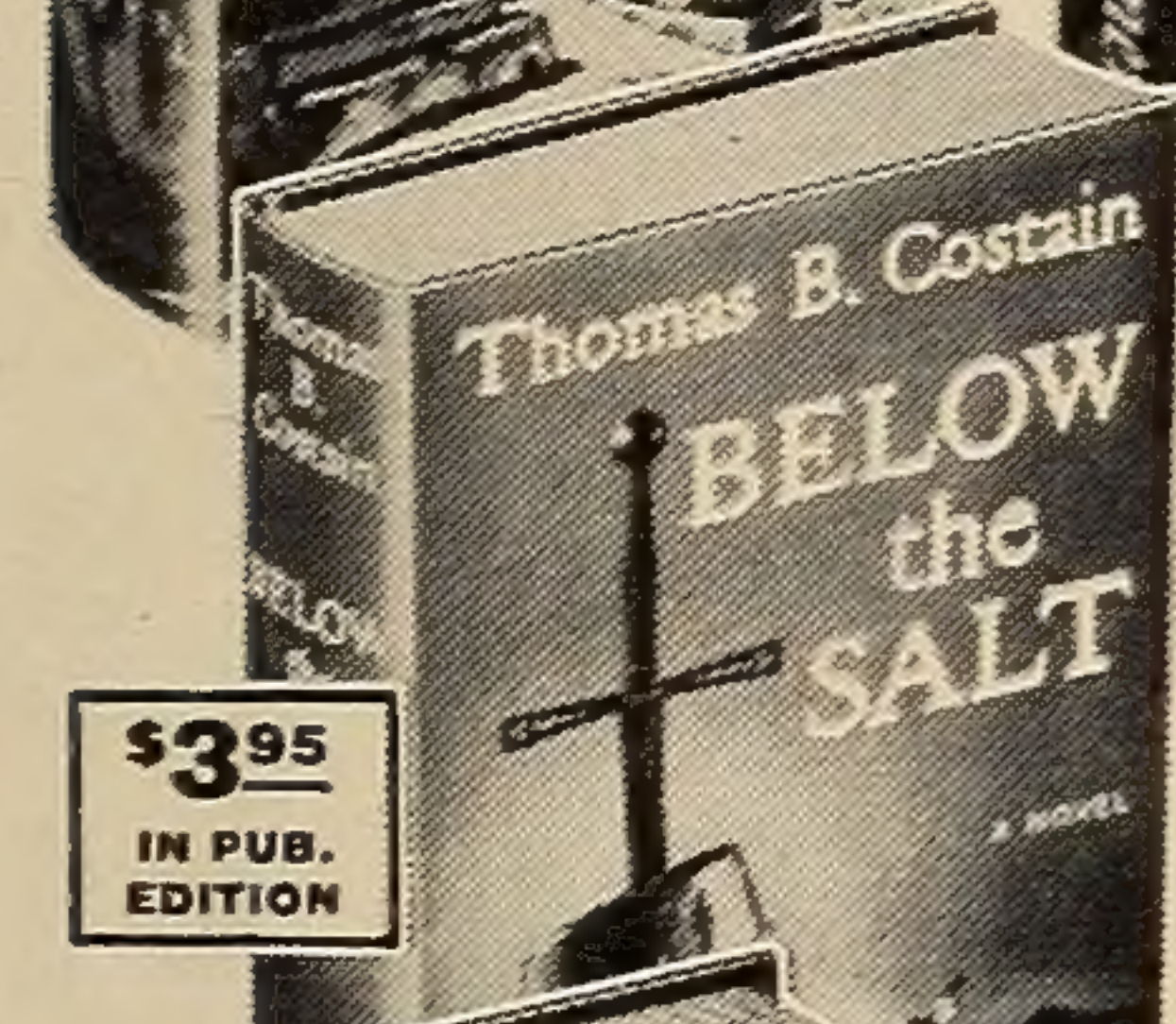
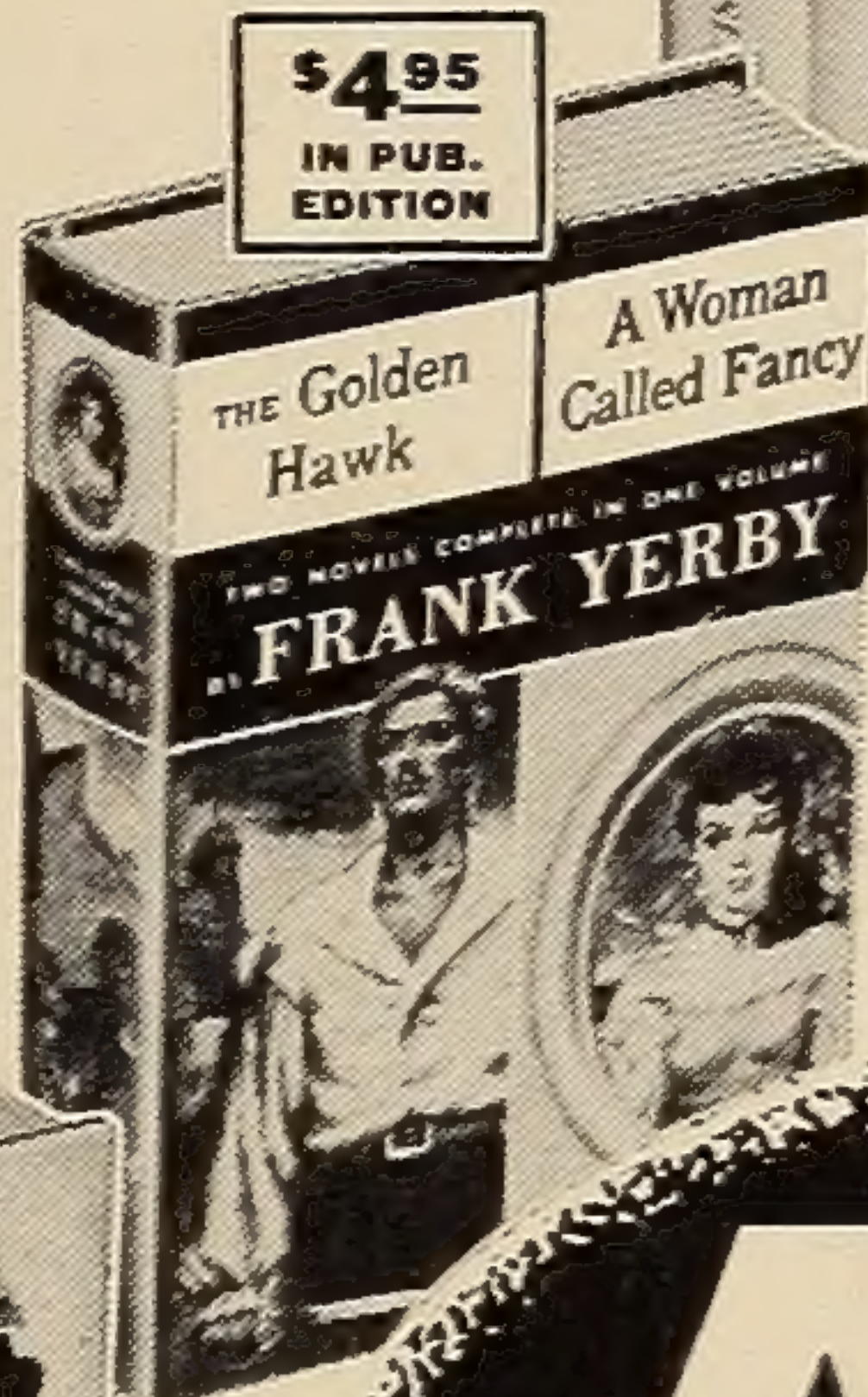
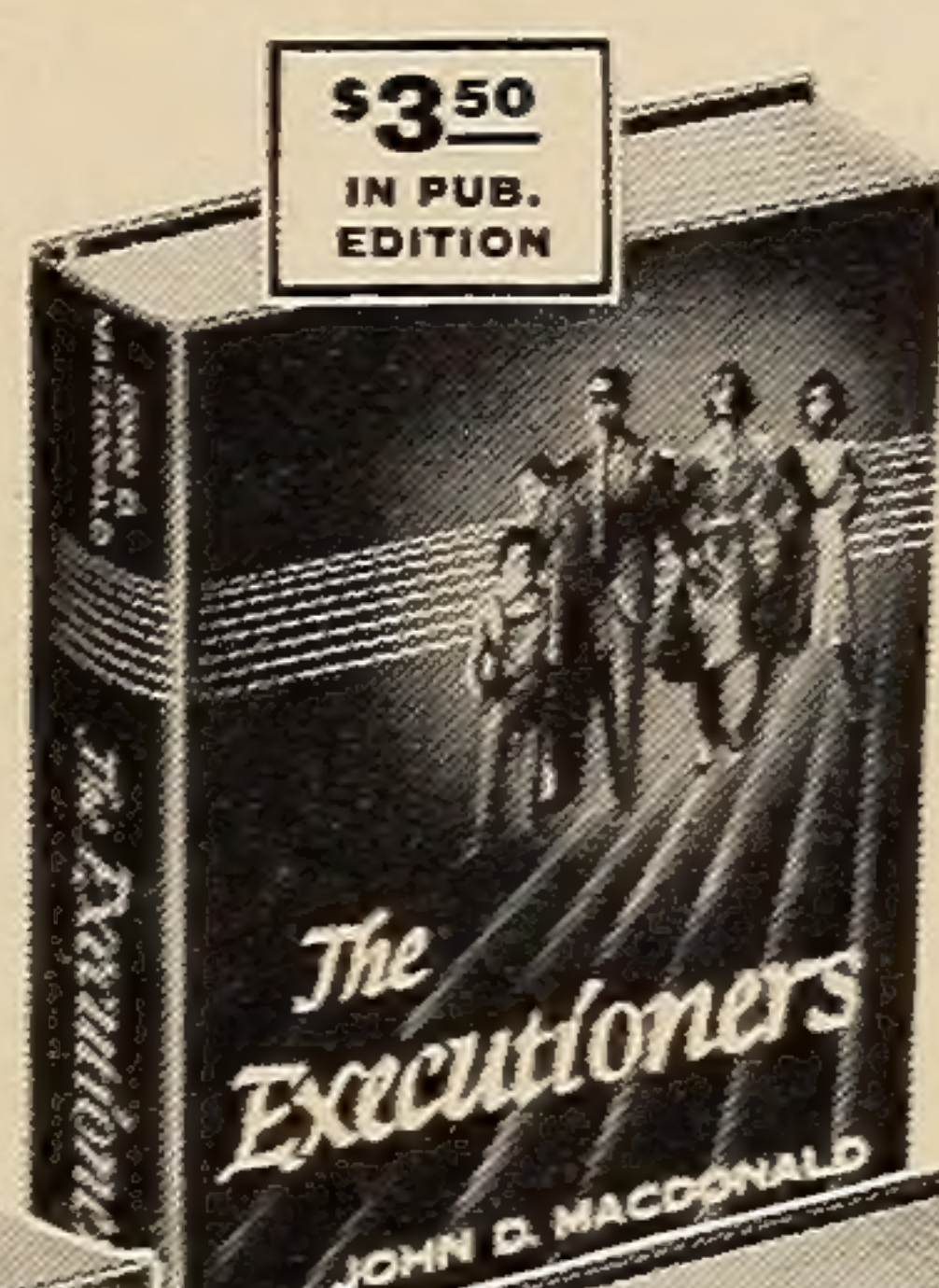
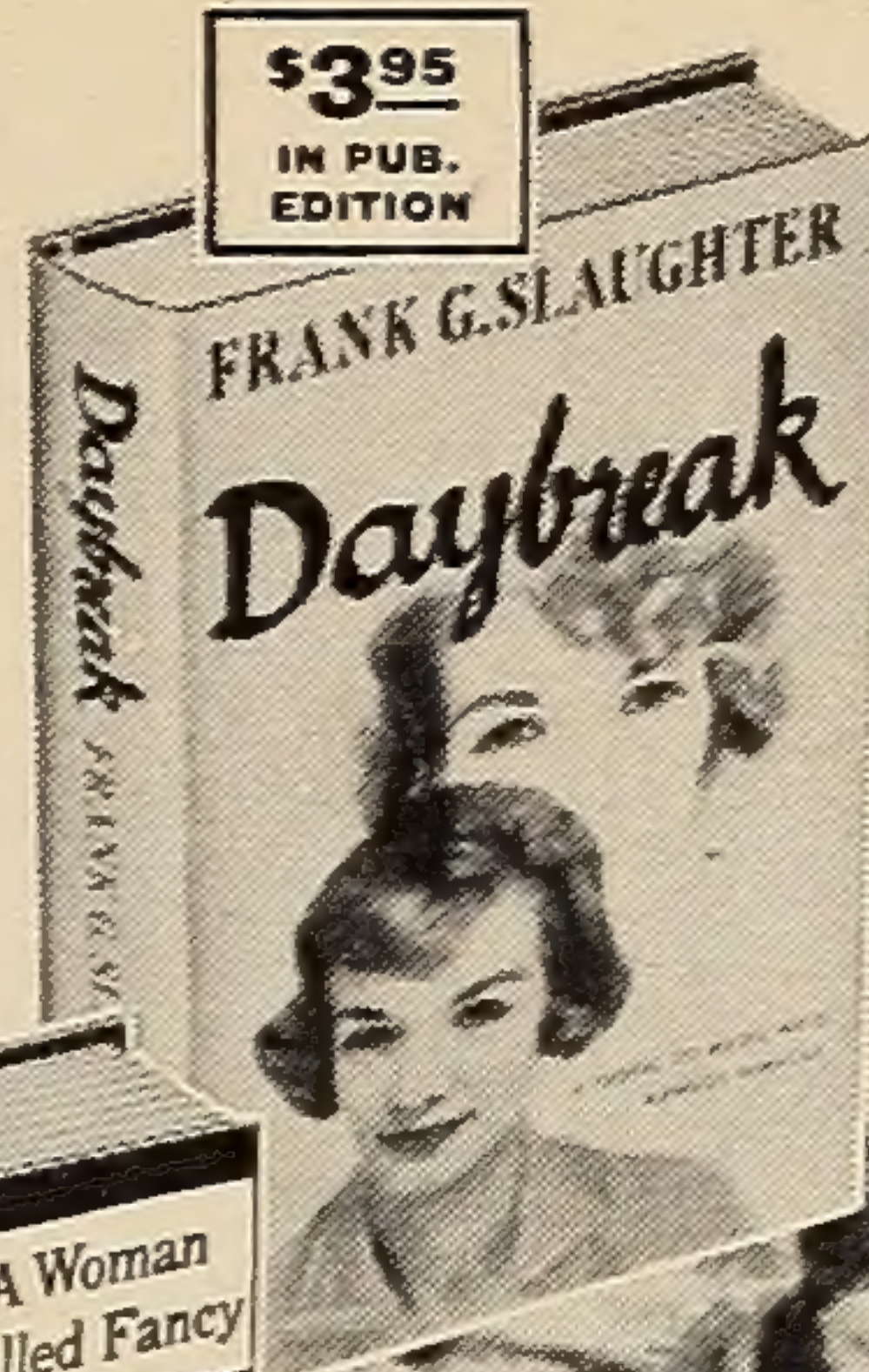


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